FEB. 3, 1947

New Republic

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War in Indo-China

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Dangers of Army Control — Henry Wallace

The Polish Elections

Special Report from Warsaw

15 CENTS

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How to Avoid Saving Money

by DANNY KAYE

To avoid saving money, the first thing is to cut off all your pockets. (Or throw away your purse and keep your lipstick in your snood.) Thus you will have to carry your money in your hand. Which will insure that you—1. spend it, 2. lose it, 3. get it taken from you—*quicker!*

Also to be avoided like crazy are piggy banks and sugar bowls. Keep these out of your home! The kiddies in particular are victimized by such devices, often saving quite a bale of moolah. Be stern even if the little ones cry—remember what money could do for them! And be sure to avoid budgets. It is best to draw your pay and walk down Main Street buying anything you don't particularly hate.

Above all, don't buy any U. S. Savings Bonds —or it's *impossible* not to save money! These gilt-edged documents pay fat interest— 4 dollars for 3 after only 10 years! There is even an insidiously easy scheme called the Payroll Savings Plan by which you buy bonds *automatically*. Before you catch on, you have closets full of bonds. You may even find yourself embarrassed by a regular income! Get-gat-gittle!

Danny Kaye

IF YOU MUST SAVE

SAVE THE EASY WAY...

BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS

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New Republic

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Letter of the Week

Purism and Puerility

SIR:

I have been struck by a parallel between the social aftermaths of the two world wars which I have not seen commented on in print and which seems to me to warrant a few moments' thought.

Among the postwar dislocations of the infant Weimar Republic was the emergence of the *Lumpenproletariat.* This amorphous by-product of defeat was composed of the disillusioned, the dispossessed and the uprooted—cynical elements that had lost all stake in their society.

America today is witnessing the lamentable emergence of a similarly disillusioned class, but its ranks are not of the economically dispossessed. They spring instead from intellectual purism.

The analogies between these two groups are significant and dismaying. Both are groups of great social importance. Both reflect a loss of identity with the main stream of socio-political objectives. Both are characterized by frustrated confusion and random drifting—a loss of contact with a society sweeping away from them.

I do not imply that the American intellectual is ripe for fascism. But his involvement in the progressive fight is becoming increasingly obscure or sectarian. He is a pathetic figure, groping for a "better world." Often he is a sincere liberal or radical who has taken his stand and participated in his own way with a genuine faith—or hope. He cannot be shunted aside; he is necessary in the social struggle.

Most intellectuals are personally nonaggressive and non-militant. They are burdened by a passion for objective truth, logic and philosophical consistency which concerns few of their fellows and thus isolates them from current social problems. Under certain conditions this type of intellectual can find his role in the struggle, but for him issues must be uncontaminated by reservations and qualifications. However, al-

(Continued on page 46)

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WHAT'S HAPPENING— AND WHY...

Since Saturday, November 4, 1914, when the first issue was published, the *New Republic* has probed for the right answers to problems facing the nation and the world. Its aim: to bring facts as well as considered opinion to the thinking public—so that the people can make up their own minds. *Never since the earliest days of the New Republic, has this been a more vital undertaking.*

In the next few months it will be decided whether the US is to lead the world to peace, prosperity and a Good Life—or whether it will fail on all fronts and *by default* shoulder the responsibility for plunging the world into an era that may threaten the very survival of man.

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New Republic

VOLUME 116, NUMBER 5, ISSUE 1879. NEW YORK CITY. FEBRUARY 3, 1947

News in Focus

Sweet Reasonableness

Labor

A PEACEFUL billow drifted across Pittsburgh's smoky sky. In bargaining session—the first of the 1947 season—the United States Steel Corporation and the CIO Steelworkers sweetly agreed to extend their present labor contract until April 30, two and a half months beyond its scheduled expiration on February 15. Both parties were in favor of postponing bargaining on higher wages until Congress and the courts had settled the portal-to-portal pay controversy.

The agreement augured well for peace on the US industrial scene this year. It meant in the first place that there would be no strike in steel before May first, and probably that there would be none at all. The proposal and amicable acceptance of the delay agreement was a sure sign that both union and company were in a bargaining rather than a fighting mood. As evidence of its cordiality, US Steel accepted a reclassification of jobs in five subsidiaries which would mean $17 million more annually and $32 million in back pay for employees.

If Big Steel made a peaceful settlement of 1947's wage issues, the chances were good that other heavy industry would follow suit. As Big Steel goes, so goes the rest of the steel industry. The automobile and electrical industries would be likewise influenced. Walter Reuther, president of the United Automobile Workers, and Albert Fitzgerald, president of the United Electrical Workers' Union, slipped into Pittsburgh for a quiet lunch with Philip Murray, head of both the Steelworkers and the CIO. Murray informed them of his agreement with Big Steel. Although Reuther and Fitzgerald were not bound, it appeared unlikely that either would call a major strike while the steel negotiations were still under way.

But the steel company and the union had good reasons for wanting to delay until after April 30. About half a billion dollars in portal-to-portal claims had been filed against US Steel. Benjamin F. Fairless, president of the company, said that he would not know where the company stood until the suits were settled. Murray was clearly mindful that a strike at this time might provoke disastrous repercussions on Capitol Hill.

But Murray had another reason, not so obvious, for delaying. When he stepped into the big conference room of the William Penn Hotel he carried under his arm, figuratively if not literally, a report which said that steel profits for 1947 might be fabulous. This was the "little Nathan report," the one in which the former New Deal economist met industry's criticism by moving from the general to the specific. Murray planned to keep the report secret, but was ready to make it public if necessary (the union had already sent it to the printer). US Steel's own financial report on first-quarter earnings would be published next April 15.

The new Nathan report made no specific wage recommendations, but it maintained that steel's break-even point, the point above which it earns money, was at a rate of production only about one-third that of the present 92 percent of capacity. This was at the "old" prices, before the alarming and extensive increases which have been going into effect on steel products ever since the first of this year.

At the old prices, at a production rate well below the present one, and in the face of a 17-day coal strike, US Steel earned about $30 million for each of the last two quarters of 1946. Profits of $120 million were indicated for 1947 (compared with $116 million in 1941 and only $60 to $70 million during the war years) even if no increase in production and prices was assumed.

Murray was betting that Nathan's estimates were right, and that the company's April 15 statement would be more persuasive bargaining ammunition than anything the CIO's research staff could ever produce on its own.

Louder, Please

Prices

BIG TALK of lower prices made big noises as US manufacturers caught the new religion. Ford bought big ads to brag in public about its $15-to-$50 price cuts. Ford dealers congratulated the boss on having made "this down payment" toward production and employment in the months ahead. Peevishly, Chevrolet put out even bigger ads: "Chevrolet—today the lowest-priced car. . . . Chevrolet prices start lower—and finish lower—than those of any other line of cars in the Chevrolet price range."

General Electric, without actually taking the plunge, advertised its faith in "more goods for more people at less cost." GE pictured itself in the papers as a powerful dynamo whirling closely meshed cogs labeled "lower prices," "more goods for more people," "fair profits" and "more jobs at better pay." Pan American Airways, with some action as well as words, cut the price for flying from New York to Rio de Janeiro from $472 to $460 and promised "faster coast-to-coast and border-to-border service for the United States at ever lower prices."

Even the National Retail Dry Goods Association, which six months ago was

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devoting all its time to fighting price control, released a survey of how much consumers thought they should be charged for men's shorts, women's slips and infants' wear. The NRDGA suddenly discovered that men were willing to pay $2.50 for a shirt and that women preferred $1.98 house dresses. "The public must get the goods it needs at proper prices," said NRDGA president Lew Hahn. Textile mills received another nudging from Adam Gimbel, president of Saks-Fifth Avenue in New York. He proposed that they "get their house in order," and reduce the "unusually" large profits of the last few years. According to Gimbel, consumers could be "educated" to pay more for goods. But they still showed a grim tendency to expect more for their money.

The heady talk, however, did not alter the hard fact that automobile prices still were about 50 percent higher than in 1941. The kill-joy Bureau of Labor Statistics found wholesale prices, except for food, still climbing. In the third week of January, the average wholesale prices of all commodities except farm products and food had risen 1.3 percent. This carried the level of these prices 25.6 percent above the corresponding week of last year.

Famine and Glut

Food

TO UNDERFED millions the world over (see page 28) the news from the US made strange reading. In Washington, the Preparatory Commission of the UN Food and Agricultural Organization had rejected proposals for a powerful, autonomous World Food Board. At the behest of the US, the commission settled instead for voluntary coöperation by individual countries.

The decision followed hard upon the announcement by the US Department of Agriculture that glutted American farmers had been authorized to dump at least 20 million bushels of surplus potatoes which had been paid for by the government to support prices. Secretary Anderson said that a 45-million-bushel surplus from last year's crop remained even after the recent sale of large quantities of potatoes to alcohol plants for conversion into whiskey. A large proportion of the 20 million bushels scheduled for speedy destruction had rotted away in storage.

Polish Election

Press

AMERICANS who wanted to know what was happening in Poland last week (see page 18) were understandably confused. Although there was no censorship and thousands of words swelled the cables on Poland's first parliamentary elections in 12 years, readers could only take their choice.

The New York *Times* headlined its election-day story: "Polish Balloting Free of Violence; Peasants Protest." In contrast, the New York *Herald Tribune* said: "23 Die as Poles Ballot Under Eye of Troops." *PM* told its readers: "Warsaw Voting Orderly; No Reason to Believe People Are Not Expressing Their Will." The Washington *Times-Herald* reported: "Polish Voters Herded by Commie Stooges—Guns Drive Citizens to Polling Places."

News dispatches themselves, from US correspondents in Poland, were not always unanimous. Looking for anti-government poll watchers, Larry Allen of the Associated Press flatly said: "There were no PSL (Mikolajczyk Peasant Party) watchers at the polls in Warsaw." But the *Times's* Sydney Gruson found 22 PSL "scrutinizers," although eight had been asked to leave polling places after the votings urns had been sealed. *PM's* Ralph Ingersoll talked to Mikolajczyk "watchers," who "said they had nothing to complain of and that their people had not been intimidated during or before the voting period."

Reports of the actual balloting also differed. "In Warsaw itself," said the *Times,* "the vote was reasonably secret despite the government's campaign for an 'open and manifest' demonstration of the people's faith and support. The story was different in the countryside, however. . . ." The story was different, too, to the *Herald Tribune's* Marguerite Higgins. "In the country districts particularly, many of the voters did insist on voting secretly," she wrote. The AP settled for a blanket description that the election was "lacking in secrecy."

There was little doubt that by US standards Polish politics was no New England town meeting. Most American correspondents were also aware that Boss Crump's Memphis can look serene and peaceful on election day. Reading the headlines editors slapped on their stories, however, might have upset the more squeamish reporters in Poland.

The New York *Post's* Leland Stowe, no Russophile, put a finger on a significant point upon his return from a five-month trip through Central and Eastern Europe. "Much of the most important and significant news in these satellite countries isn't regarded as news by the editors or directors of US news services which have the largest circulation," said Stowe. He deplored the paucity of roving wire-service correspondents in Danubian Europe, and reported that he had found native journalists rather than Americans in many important wire-service bureaus. "What we need now," Stowe added, "is much less 'curtain' talk and much more American reporting."

Understood

London

THE running debate between the British Foreign Office and *Pravda,* Moscow's official party paper, ended ludicrously last week with the publication of Stalin's note to Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin saying that "misunderstandings" over the British-Soviet treaty of alliance no longer existed.

In a December radio speech, Bevin had sought to answer Labor Party critics by asserting that Britain was not tying her foreign policy to the US at the expense of Russia, and in fact "does not tie herself to anybody, except in regard to her obligations under the [United Nations] Charter."

Pravda seized upon the remark 24 hours later to charge that Bevin, in effect, was renouncing the 20-year Anglo-Soviet pact signed in 1942. Formally protesting to Stalin, the British Foreign Office declared that the Moscow paper had taken Bevin's words out of their context and misinterpreted them. *Pravda* stuck to its guns: "The complaint of the British government says one thing and the facts say another thing which is in direct opposition." The latter was scarcely off the presses

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when the Stalin note was handed to Bevin by Soviet Ambassador Georgi Zarubin.

The message was in reply to a letter written by Bevin after the return of Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery from his recent Moscow visit. "We are, however, disturbed," Bevin had said, "at the suggestion which you made to him that the Anglo-Soviet treaty of Allied and postwar collaboration might be regarded . . . as superseded by the United Nations organization. . . . This view has been attributed to me personally in the most misleading manner by *Pravda*. . . . I cannot understand what is behind this line of reasoning, and I am the more amazed at the *Pravda* article since I understand from Field Marshal Montgomery that you said this was not your own view regarding the treaty. It is certainly not my view either."

Stalin's answer appeared to leave *Pravda* dangling on the hook. "I must admit that your statement . . . caused me some perplexity. It seems to me that such a statement, without a corresponding explanation, can be used by the enemies of Anglo-Soviet friendship. . . . However, your message and the statement of the British government completely explain the affair and do not leave room for misunderstandings."

Steamroller

Congress

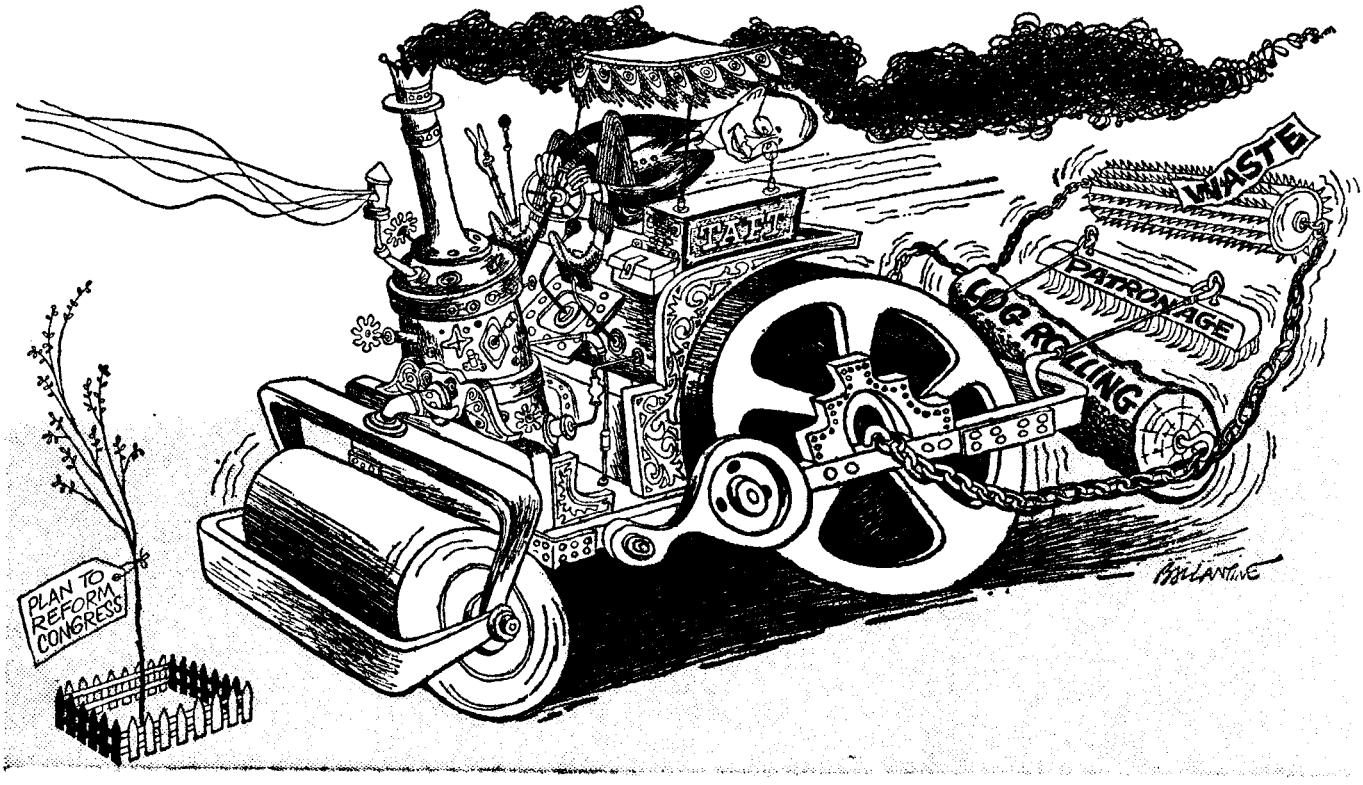
In its dying days the feeble and confused 79th Congress had made one last gesture of atonement. Senate Republicans and Democrats submerged their rivalry in a vote for the La Follette-Monroney Act, which sought to drop some oil into the creaking joints of an archaic legislative system. Not the least of the adopted La Follette-Monroney reforms was the pruning of unwieldy congressional committees. Instead of 33 duplicating and inefficient groups, the reorganization pared the number to a businesslike 15, a quantity deemed adequate to handle the flow of serious legislative proposals.

In the first days of the reborn 80th Congress the Republican Senate turned back the clock on hopes for congressional reform. The La Follette-Monroney Act bent like a sapling beneath the steamroller crush of Senator Robert A. Taft's obedient GOP majority. Over the unavailing protests of Democrats and a rugged minority of his own party members, Taft pushed through a renewal of life for two special committees, both of which the La Follette-Monroney blueprint would have absorbed within the 15 permanent committees.

The voting was close. The special War Investigating Committee survived its test by a 47-45 margin. Four Republicans—Aiken (Vt.), Tobey (N. H.), Morse (Ore.), Cooper (Ky.)—voted with the protesting Democrats, solid except for the defection of Texas' W. Lee O'Daniel. When the Small Business Committee was likewise extended, North Dakota's William Langer had joined the GOP insurgents, but two more Democrats had crossed over to Taft—Stewart (Tenn.) and Murray (Mont.), both of whom held places on the committee in question. Here the vote against self-reform was 46 to 42.

The first recorded act of the new GOP Senate was a cynical performance, cynically conceived. Taft had agreed to extend the committees to appease the sulks of their potential chairmen, Owen Brewster (Me.) and Kenneth Wherry (Nebr.), who had lost out in the scramble to head one of the 15 regular groups. Many Democrats were voting not so much in favor of the principle of the Reorganization Act as in fear of what Republicans would do by playing politics with the extra committees. During debate Taft squirmed most uneasily at the telling arguments of the doughty little band of Republican dissidents.

Bitterest of them all was New Hamp-



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shire's Charles Tobey. He accused Taft of "cutting corners" and of "negotiating in corridor and cloakroom" to "provide a committee chairmanship for the Senator from Maine and the Senator from Nebraska." The La Follette-Monroney Act, said Tobey, "was the sincere expression of the will of the people. For years Congress has been criticized for the inefficiencies and confusion. . . . Within two days after the new Senators are sworn in, a resolution is introduced to bring back some of the old wastefulness and inefficiency. . . . We promote log-rolling, back-scratching and deals—with the great prizes the chairmanships of new committees."

Mrs. FDR Speaks

Liberals

ADDING her voice to the appeal that US liberals pull together for common objectives, Mrs. Roosevelt last week expressed regret over misleading newspaper accounts of the squabble between the Progressive Citizens of America and the rival Americans for Democratic Action. While making it clear that she sided with the ADA on the Communist issue, Mrs. Roosevelt urged that "all progressive groups work together" despite their disagreements over methods. In her syndicated column she wrote:

"I was sorry to see a headline in a paper the other day which seemed to indicate that Henry Wallace and I were at odds. I have always believed in Mr. Wallace's integrity and admired his ability, but that does not mean you have to agree in the way in which you wish to work for your objectives. I made it quite clear, when I attended the first meeting of the Americans for Democratic Action, that I was not an active member of any new organization. I am afraid I am too old and too busy to take on new activities. But all the members who attended that first meeting were asked to consider themselves a 'committee of the whole' and, of course, I shall be glad to be helpful whenever possible.

"I would like to see all progressive groups work together. But since some of us prefer to have our staffs and policy-making groups completely free of any American Communist infiltration, while others have not quite as strong a feeling on this subject, it is natural that there should be two set-ups. That does not mean that the force of all liberals may not go to some of the same objectives, and I certainly hope this will be the case.

"In our democracy, I feel that Americans who believe in democracy should lead. While other beliefs must exist and I would fight for the rights of others to their beliefs, I must work with those who hold to the fundamental beliefs which I consider sound and true."

End of an Era

IN Granite Falls, Minnesota, Andrew Volstead, a country lawyer who was really more interested in coöperatives for Minnesota farmers than in the nation's drinking habits, died last week at 87. In Miami Beach five days later, Al Capone, the sleek, fat, scar-faced boy from Brooklyn whose underworld rule stemmed from Volstead's great experiment, died in bed at 48.

Careful Start

Cabinet

GEORGE CATLETT MARSHALL moved slowly and carefully in his new job and all Washington seemed to think he was off to a good start. Before taking the oath as Secretary of State, he eliminated himself as a 1948 presidential candidate with a terse statement that completely convinced all who heard or read it. He would "never" become involved in politics, could never be considered as a candidate and "never could be drafted for any political office." As a clincher, Marshall added: "I mean just what I said and not something else."

He took the oath of office at a White House ceremony. After Mr. Chief Justice Vinson had intoned the words and Marshall, right hand raised, had replied, "I do," the President said to Marshall, "I appreciate your willingness to undertake this burden." Then, pleased as Punch, the President added in a whisper loud enough to be heard throughout the room: "You can say something now."

Marshall said only that he appreciated "the honor and confidence you bestow on me," and, "I will do my best."

In the days that followed, the new Secretary of State went to his first cabinet meeting, and announced that he would attend the Moscow meeting of Big Four foreign ministers in March—a surprise to no one.

Marshall's first appointment was to name 39-year-old John E. Peurifoy Acting Assistant Secretary of State for Administration. Jack Peurifoy had enjoyed a rapid rise in the State Department to his previous post of Special Assistant to Acheson. Now, for the time being at least, he would be in direct command of both State Department staff personnel and this country's career diplomats. In addition, he would be in charge of the extensive overhauling of State's machinery which Marshall is sure to demand and which Acheson long has wanted.

Payoff?

Foreign Affairs

FRIENDS of Assistant Secretary of State Spruille Braden saw his "tough" policy toward Dictator-President Juan Peron of Argentina paying off. Scrapping that policy now, they said, might mean that Peron never would fulfill his international pledges to root out all Argentina's Nazi influences.

But friends of Braden's bitter enemy, George S. Messersmith, looked at it differently. They said it was Messersmith's kid-glove approach as US Ambassador in Buenos Aires that had stimulated Peron's announcement last week that he was seizing 60 Axis business firms. If the US now would declare its willingness to sign a Pan-American military-defense treaty with Argentina as a participant, Messersmith would have no trouble getting Peron to deport a number of the key Nazi agents still operating there, they asserted.

Thus, Peron's move against German firms had done nothing to resolve the weird Braden-Messersmith feud. It had only convinced each side that it had been right all along. But Peron—for whatever reason—had taken a long step

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toward meeting US demands on the issue of Nazi influences. In fact, he had now complied with two of the three broad conditions laid down by Braden as requisites for US acceptance of Argentine participation in the defense treaty.

He had closed up German schools and other cultural institutions; he had moved to eliminate Nazi economic penetration in his country. What was left was the most important of all: expulsion of the Nazi agents. For the time being, it looked as though Secretary of State Marshall would let Braden and Messersmith pursue this objective in their own divergent ways. Messersmith announced after seeing Marshall that he would return at once to his Buenos Aires post. Braden gave no sign that he had received anything but encouragement from his new boss.

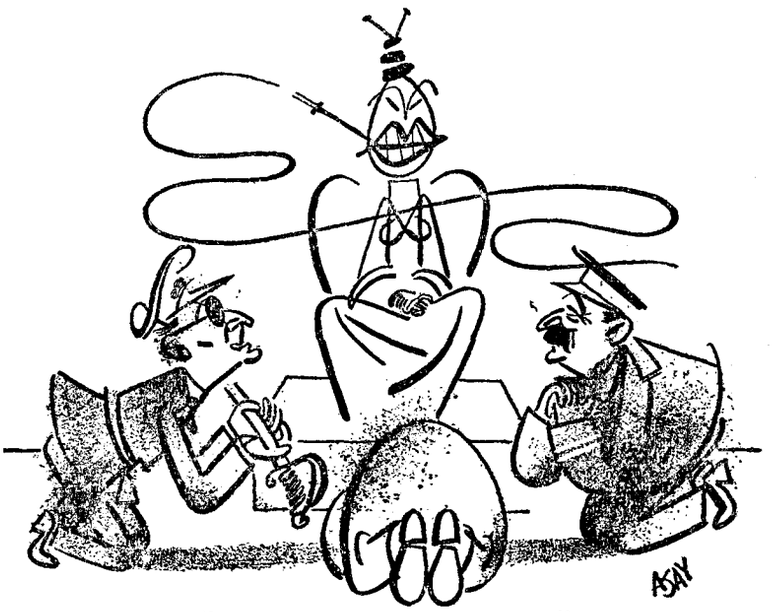
After Peron's announcement, Braden worked fast. The State Department quickly got out a statement which began by hailing Peron's move as "an important step [which came] as a welcome addition to measures already taken in respect of Nazi educational and other institutions." The last sentence was the significant one: "Consultations are continuing with the government of Argentina in respect to agents."

That statement had been approved before issuance by George C. Marshall. Its tone was friendly, but what it really said to Peron was: "So far so good, but get on with the really important part of the business." So long as Marshall continued to insist that Argentina finish the job of throwing out the Nazis, Braden—if permitted—would keep up the fight.

Aged-in-the-Wood

Connecticut

ON THE gold front label of its "Private Stock" whisky the American Distilling Company lured thirsty shoppers with the slogan: "Superb quality whisky of excellent character and distinctive flavor." Last week the Connecticut Supreme Court took a close look at the fine print on the back of the bottle: "Whisky colored and flavored with wood chips. . . . This whisky is less than one month old." With a gulp, the court banned the sale of "Private Stock" in the Nutmeg State (which derives its nickname from the wooden nutmegs once sold by Yankee peddlers).



"MIGHTIER THAN MACARTHUR"

"Divine Light"

Tokyo

IT REQUIRED 30 Kanazawa policemen and their most strenuous battling to overcome the devoted bodyguards of Jiko-san, a frail little woman who was sending whole populations to the hills with her predictions of flood and disaster. The police came none too soon, for Jiko-san was possessed with strange and wonderful powers. Ever since a brief period of "death" 10 years ago (some said it might have been one of her peculiarly potent trances), Jiko-san had prompted thousands of Japanese followers to worship her as the true "divine light" of the world.

Jiko-san kept clear of the authorities as long as she exacted only money and food from her disciples. Her Tokyo shrine, after all, had been a source of inspiration during the war to many of the emperor's officers. It was only when her wrath with the "impurities of the world" terrorized the countryside last week that police intervened. Jiko-san was prophesying that nothing less than an imminent tidal wave could purify the local situation. Taking the hint, the Kanazawans began heading for the mountains, and Jiko-san headed for jail.

When she had been taken into custody, psychiatrists examined Jiko-san's theory that, as supreme goddess, she felt entitled to reign over 30 minor deities—including Chiang Kai-shek, Stalin and General MacArthur. They found her particularly put out that MacArthur apparently had not accepted his proper place in her celestial hierarchy; he tended to ignore her instructions. Without further ado, the doctors pronounced her insane.

Hoover's Trip

Foreign Affairs

FOR THE second time in less than a year, Herbert Hoover packed his bags to go overseas on an inspection trip for Harry Truman. Until Hoover returned with his report on "food and its collateral problems" in Germany and Austria, there would be several major cases of jitters among Administration quarterbacks.

Truman had gambled in asking the 72-year-old former President to undertake the new junket. His purpose was political: If Hoover returned convinced it was necessary for the US to continue pouring some $300 million a year into the German economy, the Administration's quest for such sums would have easier sledding in a Republican-controlled Congress.

It was reported that Hoover himself had spelled out the description of his

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assignment which he and the President turned over to the press. The "collateral problems" mentioned in that description had some government officials worried. If Hoover nosed around too eagerly in Germany, it might prove embarrassing.

The US and Britain, after weeks of negotiation, had agreed late last year on a detailed program for merging their two occupation zones into an economic unit which could become self-sufficient by the end of 1949. The State Department had been painstakingly breaking ground for the Moscow conference in March, at which the Big Four foreign ministers will attempt to write peace treaties for Germany and Austria. The US was hoping to get top priority at Moscow for the problem of early economic unification of all four occupation zones to replace the present Anglo-American arrangement.

It was no cause for wonder that the hard-working architects of the British-American economic merger and those slaving on blueprints for the four-zone unification were uneasy about what Hoover might say on matters involving both projects, or how members of his party in Congress might react.

Their qualms were not soothed by statements from Hoover's friends. They were saying that Hoover felt that a look-see at the whole Central European economy was a necessary prerequisite of his report on food.

Harold D. Smith

Public Service

THE shock and sorrow evoked last week by the sudden death of Harold D. Smith were unfailingly followed in Washington by the words: "He was an ideal public servant. . . . He was one of the ablest men in government." As Director of the Budget from 1939 to June of last year, and as acting head of the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development in recent months, Harold Smith had earned his high praise.

Several qualities which he possessed in a unique degree brought him distinction. His great knowledge of public administration was backed with an unusual courage and impartiality; he never hesitated to say "no." When he became convinced, even at the height of an all-out war, that some financial request of the armed services was unsound and would not contribute to victory, he turned it down. When he thought that some plan proposed by a cabinet member would lead only to useless expenditure or duplication of government services, he rejected it. So clearly did he outline his reasons for any refusals which he felt compelled to make that his decisions invariably were accepted with respect. They were not resented.

Harold Smith saw, perhaps more clearly than anyone else in the government, the importance of clear lines of responsibility, and of organizing authority to permit democracy to act. Thanks to him, the government of the US functioned more smoothly and efficiently. He helped in a large degree to make democracy work.

The failure of the US Government to pay adequate salaries to men of his caliber was the reason for his acceptance last year of a post with the International Bank. His death, at 49, was one the country and the world could ill afford.

Unhappy Parent

Radio

FORTY years ago Dr. Lee De Forest fathered modern radio with his invention of the audion tube. Last week the aging parent (he is 73) disclosed the contents of a letter addressed by him to the National Association of Broadcasters:

"What have you done with my child? He was conceived as a potent instrumentality for culture, fine music, the uplifting of America's mass intelligence. You have debased this child; you have sent him out on the streets in rags of ragtime, tatters of jive. . . .

"You have made him a laughing stock of intelligence, surely a stench in the nostrils of the gods of the ionosphere; you have cut time into tiny cubelets . . . wherewith the occasional fine program is periodically smeared with impudent insistence to buy or try. The nation has no soap, but soap opera without end or sense floods each household daily. Murder mysteries rule the waves by night and children are rendered psychopathic by your bedtime stories. . . .

"This child of mine has been resolutely kept to the average intelligence of 13 years . . . as though you and your sponsors believe the majority of listeners have only moron minds. . . . The curse of his commercials has grown consistently more cursed, year by year."

Sorry Spectacle

Georgia

CITIZENS of Georgia were coming to a boil over the sorry spectacle of Herman Talmadge in the Governor's chair. Wrathfully, students from Emory University marched on the capitol bearing signs which asked, "Who stole my vote?" The young demonstrators hanged a wool-hatted effigy of Talmadge in front of the state-house steps and sent a delegation to call on Georgia's would-be chief executive. For their pains they got a lecture from the 33-year-old claimant.

Mayor Harvey Kennedy of Barnesville announced that he was organizing the "aroused citizens of Georgia" to press the point that the "general assembly should not take unto itself the prerogative of the people of electing a governor." He asked for a grand-jury investigation of charges that bribery influenced the legislature's action. "The people of Georgia are further shamed and humiliated over charges made by members of the general assembly that bribes were offered by both sides," said Kennedy.

Meanwhile the snarl between Talmadge and "Acting Governor" Melvin E. Thompson, which still awaited a decision by the courts, threatened to suspend the process of government. An Atlanta bank asked for a court order to prevent either Talmadge or Thompson from drawing on deposits of state funds. Thompson promised to oust highway patrolmen who are personally serving the Talmadge illegal regime.

Talmadge, reiterating his demand that the assembly put the white-primary law back on the statute books, prepared a list of personal appointees to be rammed through the legislature. As a series of indignation meetings swept the state, ex-Governor Ellis Arnall called the two-governor issue "a test for all America whether Nazi methods can be used to seize our government by force."

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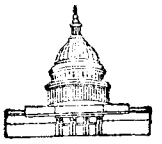
Washington Wire



GOP on Stage

THE photographers crouch, hold their flash bulbs aloft and tell Senators to get closer. For the camera in the center, Taft dimples, hair plastered thinly over the back hemisphere of his competent head. Nervous little Ellender (D, La.) hurries to a seat. There is fair-minded, slow-spoken Elbert Thomas (D, Utah), deaconlike James E. Murray (D, Mont.), dry, wiry H. Alexander Smith (R, N. J.), who looks like the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe," young, stooping Joseph H. Ball (R, Minn.), cigarette pasted to lower lip like the journalist he once was. The great caucus room is full; reporters at their long tables fold copy-paper ash trays and get ready for six weeks' testimony. The hearings on labor legislation, which millions of people regard as the prime business of the 80th Congress, are about to begin. Over the loudspeaker system that echoes his voice from every marble slab of the ornate room, Chairman Taft says, "The committee will come to order."

Nobody knows where these hearings (and their House counterpart) will lead. But the following diverse comments are pertinent. The House wants more drastic anti-strike action than the Senate; the Senate more drastic action than the White House. The severity of the law will depend in part on the size of the next big strike. As these hearings begin, strikes are at a reconversion low. Scores of anti-strike laws have been introduced and not one of them deals with a major cause of strikes: the current unbalance between wages, profits and living costs. A good deal of anti-labor hysteria has been strategically sluiced off into the portal-to-portal issue, which actually is a relatively unimportant side matter, and another Senate committee is having a field day over it. Taft is on a spot at the hearings and has elected to put himself there deliberately (which is to his credit) What he calls a "middle-road" bill will be damned by labor as too harsh; by industry as too soft. Quietly watching candidate Taft is Senator Ives (R, N. Y.), closely identified with candidate Dewey. Finally, as the hearings start, Economist William Leiserson has just reminded fire-eating Scripps-Howard papers, which want laws "forbidding" strikes, that both the London transport strikes and the US coal strike were forbidden—the first by British law, the second by the Smith-Connally Act. As the commitee goes to work, Leiserson makes the awkward point that it is awfully hard to keep men from striking just by passing a law.

HOUSE Democrats under Sam Rayburn are inefficient and disorganized. They are in striking contrast to the superbly led Senate Democrats. The latter make every trick count and have twice almost defeated Taft forces. The House situation is so bad reporters are debating what causes it. No minority party ever had a wider opening than when Knutson (R, Minn.), preposterously proposed a flat 20-percent tax cut, the "aid-for-millionaires" idea; but the House Democrats have hardly tried to use it. Instead, the typical Democratic contribution so far is a speech by ranting Rankin, preaching a holy war on Hollywood Pinks. The trouble is largely Rayburn's own fault. He rejected the machinery that would have put a disciplined opposition into the fray.

The La Follette-Monroney program, as originally designed, proposed creation of responsible "policy committees" to provide modern, streamlined party organization for both Republicans and Democrats. The Senate approved the plan; the House never had a chance to vote on that feature of the bill. This was because Rayburn, then speaker, personally opposed the idea, which meant sharing his immense power with other Democratic leaders on a broader basis. Rayburn kept the bill on his desk for a month, refusing even to send it to a committee. It was just another instance of the power a speaker of the House of Representatives still has. In effect, Rayburn conducted a one-man filibuster against the measure. Time was short and there was nothing for sponsors of the reform drive to do but to bargain with Rayburn and get what they could. Feature after feature of the bill was dropped—not by democratic vote of the House membership but at the personal dictation of one man. The vital "policy-committee" feature was scrapped, so far as the House is concerned.

Now the Democrats suddenly find themselves out of power, and Rayburn isn't speaker. If they had adopted the "policy-committee" machinery, they would have a tight, disciplined, coherent party organization, capable of putting up an effective fight and, more important, of giving the country a two-party government. Senate Democrats have adopted the procedure and so have the Republicans. The weakness of the House Democrats is pitiable.

THE GOP's big, two-year, anti-Roosevelt witch hunt has started and the man picked to head the posse is Owen Brewster (R, Me.). It should be a nice cut-throat row from now on. There has been a big investigation after every war and, if roles were reversed, the Democrats would do exactly the same thing. They can't complain. Brewster, to us, seems to have the necessary qualifications for the job. He has energy, imagination, intense partisanship, is a natural-born prosecutor, and can grab a headline as well as the next man. During the abortive Pearl Harbor investigation, Republicans tried to show it was all Roosevelt's fault because he had planned war; now they are leading off with a deft new thrust—attacking Roosevelt for not following the "suppressed" Stettinius report and for failing to plan for war.

Washington T. R. B.

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Indo-China: A Fight for Freedom

by Harold R. Isaacs

The fight of the Annamite people for freedom from French rule has been going on ever since V-J Day. It is a story practically unknown in America. Reports of the recent fighting in Hanoi have come almost exclusively from Paris, colored wholly by French justifications for their "civilizing mission" in their rich Far Eastern colony. The New Republic, *by special arrangement with the publisher, herewith publishes excerpts from* No Peace for Asia, *by Harold R. Isaacs, staff correspondent of* Newsweek, *which will be issued by the Macmillan Company in April. Isaacs was in Indo-China as a war correspondent in the fall of 1945 and his story is the first full account of the struggle now being waged as a full-scale war from Hanoi to Saïgon between the French and the Annamite nationalists.* — THE EDITORS

SINCE Japan's collapse, France has been engaged in an attempt to regain a valuable piece of property she lost during the war. It consisted of a little more than a quarter of a million square miles of rich real estate located at the southeastern tip of the continent of Asia. It produced rice and coal and rubber and silk and pepper and a host of foods and minerals, all in profitable quantities. It was inhabited by nearly 24 million people who toiled mainly for the profit and comfort of Frenchmen and the rest of the time grubbed in the earth for a bare sustenance for themselves. Even the limited and inefficient exploitation carried out by the French had yielded about a quarter of a billion dollars in export surpluses over three decades, huge profits from opium and alcohol monopolies and a fine living for several generations of French colonial officials, soldiers, policemen, place holders, planters, shipowners and priests.

To many of these Frenchmen it was incredible that the Annamites should desire to reject French rule. The insurgents, one heard endlessly from Frenchmen in high place and low, were nothing but a handful of agitators and paid terrorists, tools of the Japanese who stood momentarily between the benevolent French and the great mass of the people who yearned only to have the French return and desired only to till their lands in the peace assured by French rule. Some of the older French residents were bewildered, like the aging dentist's wife in Saïgon who rocked back and forth in her chair and said: "The Annamites astound me! What more could we have ever done for them than we did? Why, do you know we organized a municipal council here in which they were to have half the seats! Imagine, half the seats! What more could they want?" She was in dead earnest. "All the seats," I replied. She looked at me aghast.

Only rarely did one meet relatively refreshing characters like the seamed old ex-master mariner who observed with honest Gallic wit: "There are two kinds of people in the world: people who work and people who make others work for them. When you are engaged in making other people work for you, surely"—with a deprecatory shrug—"surely, you do not tell them the truth!"

The truth, of course, had nothing to do with civilization or culture, at least not in the sense that Frenchmen in Indo-China were using those words. The French took Indo-China by force of arms. Their conquest began in the classic manner, with the first arrival of missionaries nearly three hundred years ago. Being hard-headed folk even then, the French did not bother with the proprieties of divided labor as other expanding nations did. French priests did double and triple duty. They were also traders. They were also soldiers. They brought cargoes with them, and shipped cargoes back. They commanded military expeditions from time to time whenever the native people balked at trading in the currency of man or the virtues of religion. This tradition the French carry forward to this day, for the French High Commissioner, Thierry d'Argenlieu, is at the same time an admiral in the French navy and major-superior of the Carmelite Order in France. For nearly two centuries the French alternately used force and guile, clashing intermittently with the rival Dutch, British and Portuguese. The Indo-Chinese resisted when they could, yielded when they had to, for such was the common fate of all peoples of the East who fell in the path of Western expansion. Complete French mastery over all of Indo-China (including Tonkin and Annam, Cochin China, Cambodia and Laos) was finally completed only in the closing years of the last century.

THE cultural and civilizing mission of the French in Indo-China is measurable by a few notable statistics, all based on official French records. The Indo-China budget, for example, provided a sum of 15 million piasters for 30,000 Annamite employes and functionaries of the government. (A piaster is about 15 cents at the official rate of exchange.) The same budget provided 40 million piasters for 5,000 French functionaries. In 1943, the colonial government spent 30,000 piasters for libraries, 71,000 piasters for hospitals, 748,000 piasters for schools—and 4,475,000 piasters for the purchase of opium distributed in the country through the official opium monopoly. In their time, the French built 31 hospitals in the colony and 81 prisons, not including concentration camps. With great generosity and effort, the French conferred the benefits

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of education on the people of their colony. Forty years after the conquest, there was elementary education of a crude kind available for two percent of the population and secondary education available for one-half of one percent. Three libraries and one so-called "university" were established in the country.

Over the years, Indo-Chinese who did not appreciate these benefits were imprisoned, or executed, or bombed and machine-gunned from the air. In 1930, for example, more than a decade before Lidice, a group of fleeing Annamite rebels took refuge in the village of Co-am, in the province of Haiduong. Five French planes bombed the village and strafed it afterward at low altitude, pursuing the people who fled along the near-by roads. A few days later the Resident Superior of the province circularized all local officials, saying: "The village of Co-am has been bombarded by the Hanoi squadron. I request that you give utmost publicity to this, and add that any village which places itself in a similar situation will without pity meet the same fate."

The Annamites

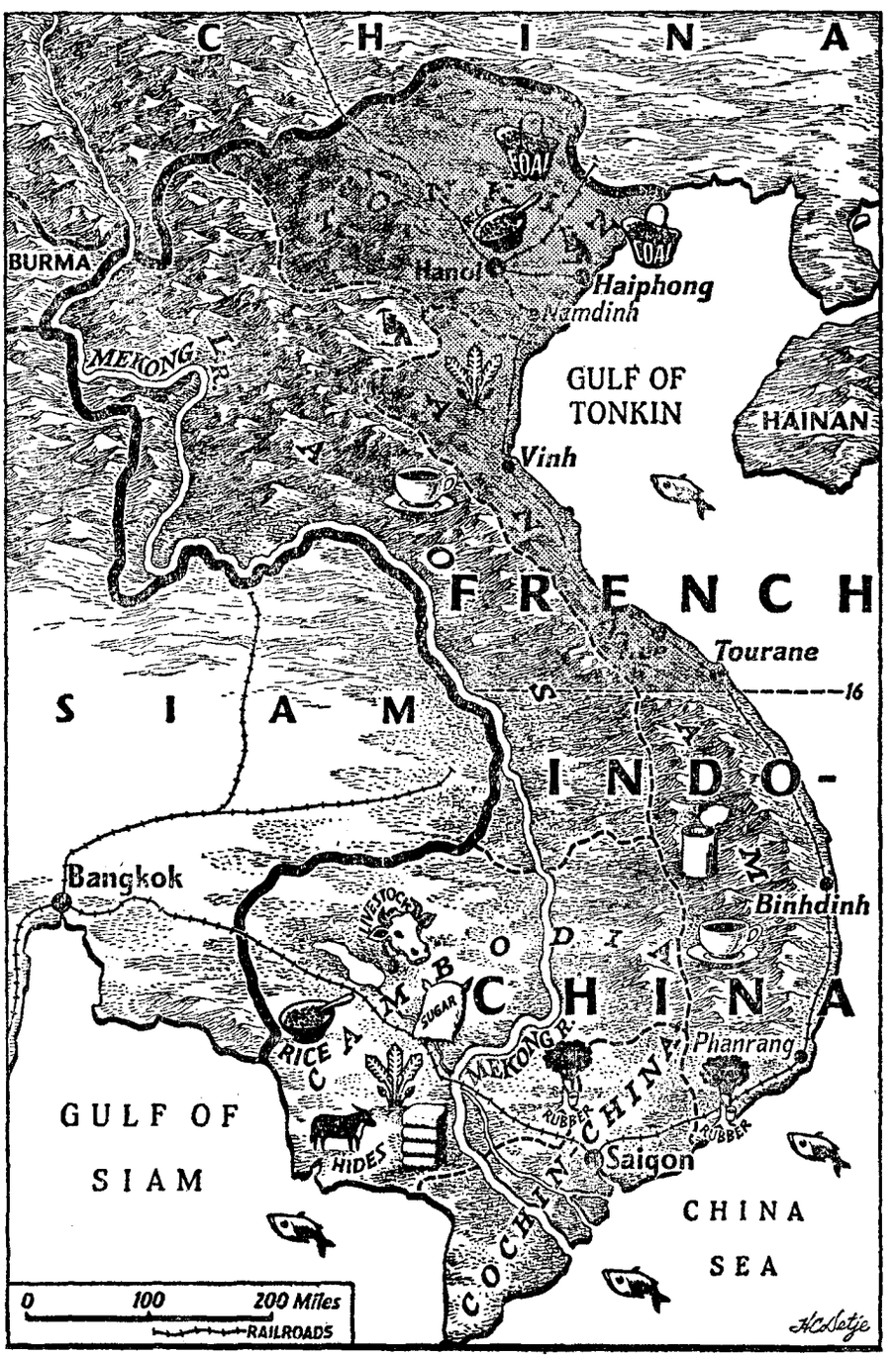
THE hatred of the Annamites for the French was a living, leaping thing in the land. You read it in the faces of the ordinary people, in the faces I saw in the yard of the Saïgon Sûreté. You heard it in the voice of the educated Annamites, speaking impeccable French.

This was a hatred compounded of many things. The dull and weary sense of unrepaid toil was part of it; and so was chronic injustice never articulately understood. There was also the nettle of racialism in it, for the masters were white and the least of them was greater than the greatest of the land's own sons.

The great French libertarian tradition was never carried by Frenchmen east of Suez, because it is not a commodity from which profits can be made. Only the small number of Annamites who were sent to France for higher schooling encountered it when they reached the homeland of their masters. The France of the great classic revolutionary tradition, of free thinkers and free livers, was a new France to them. In Paris they discovered at least the roots of the freedom they were denied in their own land. The result, in most cases, was that their French schooling did not train them, as was intended, to become pliant adornments of the colonial regime but to become rebels against it and leaders of rebels when they came home.

"This is a movement led against France," an Annamite told me, "by intellectuals who were all educated in France. Almost all who went to France returned as revolutionists. There was a governor-general of Cochin China about twenty years ago, named Cognac, who said: 'We want no intellectuals in Indo-China. They are a misfortune for the country.'" And it was indeed a fact that almost every Annamite graduate of a French lycée or university took his postgraduate degree in French colonial culture at any of a score of prisons, at Sonla or Banmethuot or on the island penal colony of Poulu-Condor.

Annamite nationalism has a history as long as the history of French rule. But Annamite nationalism had long been a scattered, dispersed, underground movement, cleft in many segments. It was for many a mood rather than a movement,



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a condition rather than a program. So isolated uprisings, like those in Vinh Province in 1930 and 1931, could be drenched in the blood of the rebels and the rest of the world was little the wiser. By the time of the next big flareup in Cochin China in 1941, all currents of Annamite nationalism had begun to flow in a single, widening stream under the banner of the Viet Minh.

Viet Minh is the popular contraction of Viet Nam Doc Lap Dong Minh, the League for the Independence of Viet Nam. Viet Nam, meaning Land of the South, is the ancient name of this ancient country. The Viet Minh was first formed in 1939 as a coalition of various groups—democrats, socialists, communists and other less well defined sections of the independence movement. They agreed primarily on a program of common struggle for independence and a social program based on the idea of a democratic republic. Clashes and incidents in Mytho Province of Cochin China grew into an open revolt under the Viet Minh banner in December, 1940. The French at that time were already under the pressure of Japanese penetration and were being attacked by the Siamese in the west. They were unable or unwilling to oppose effectively either the Japanese or the Siamese, but they turned with ruthless cruelty on the revolting Annamites. During the repressions, some 6,000 were killed or wounded and thousands more arrested. French courts-martial for months afterward were grinding out condemnations to long years of servitude or to death.

During the protracted Japanese occupation, the Viet Minh carried on increasingly strong underground activity under the slogan: "Neither the French nor the Japanese as masters! For the Independence of Viet Nam!" The French and the Japanese joined in an equally persistent but unsuccessful attempt to stamp out the movement. Early in 1943, when Viet Minh partisans contacted certain French officials and offered collaboration in an anti-Japanese underground, they received the reply: "You want arms now to use against the Japanese. But later you will use them against us. Nothing doing!" After the Japanese coup against the French on March 9, 1945, the Viet Minh gathered forces with increasing strength and boldness. Viet Minh guerrilla activity took on major proportions in the north. They secured arms from abandoned French stores, from attacks on isolated Japanese detachments and supply depots, and at long last arms began to filter across the Chinese frontier from American Army sources. A small quantity of tommy guns, automatics, radios and other supplies were parachuted to the partisan bands and were soon followed by teams of American officers who entered Indo-Chinese territory and joined the partisan bands in operations against the Japanese. Between March and August the Viet Minh guerrillas cleared large sections of five of the northernmost provinces of Tonkin and engaged the full attention of the bulk of the Japanese 21st Division. In the south there was partisan activity on a smaller scale, raids on Japanese communications and supply dumps. Then the war suddenly ended. "Too suddenly," ruefully smiled Pham Ngoc Thach, one of the Viet Minh leaders. "We were doing so well!" But the Japanese collapse was the Viet Minh opportunity. The puppet regimes in Saïgon and Hanoi all but collapsed at the same time. The Viet Minh moved in to take over.

Culver Service

EARLY ANNAMESE LANDSCAPE

A VIET MINH congress was held at Caobang, near the Chinese border, the week the Japanese surrendered. A provisional government was formed. On August 19, after a few scattered clashes with Japanese troops and puppet militia, this government took power in Hanoi.

The new government quickly restored quiet in Hanoi. The new banner of the republic, a yellow star on a red field, fluttered throughout the city, in Annamite hands now for the first time since Francis Garnier conquered it for the French in 1873. In the south, at Saïgon, the Viet Minh on August 25 called for a popular demonstration. A throng estimated at more than 100,000 turned out and marched, amid perfect order, past the Cochin China government buildings under banners proclaiming the new power of the Viet Nam Republic. The Viet Minh People's Committee, announcing itself as a subordinate arm of the provisional government in Hanoi, took power the next day. There were a few clashes, with Japanese at nearby Tyninh and Thudaumot and with a puppet group in the Saïgon suburbs. But fighting quickly ended. The Viet Minh was solidly in power in the north and south. In Hanoi, on September 2, the new leaders issued a declaration of independence in which they said:

> They have deprived us of all liberties. They have imposed upon us inhuman laws. . . .
>
> They have built more prisons than schools. . . . They have despoiled our ricelands, our mines, our forests. . . .
>
> For these reasons we, members of the provisional government, representing the entire population of Viet Nam, declare that we shall henceforth have no connection with imperialist France; that we

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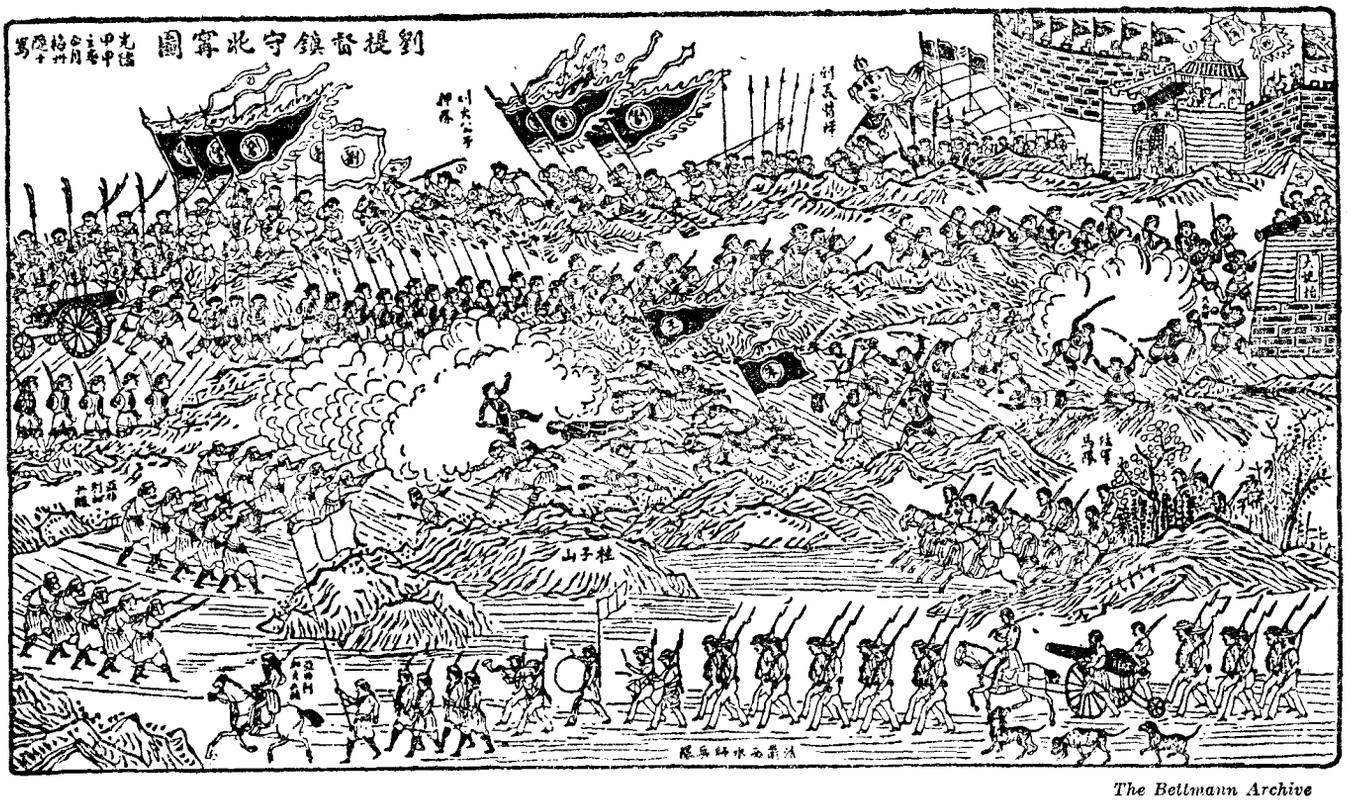

The Bettmann Archive

THE FRENCH WAR IN TONQUIN IN 1884: VICTORY OF GENERAL MILLOT AT BACNINH

cancel all treaties which France has signed on the subject of Viet Nam; that we abolish all the privileges which the French have arrogated to themselves on our territory. . . .

We solemnly proclaim to the entire world: Viet Nam has the right to be free and independent, and in fact has become free and independent.

THUS the Republic of Viet Nam came into being while the occupying Japanese army stood by, awaiting its fate, and thousands of unmolested but unarmed Frenchmen looked helplessly on. The new regime took swift hold. In the cities and the countryside there was order. Markets thrived, utilities and public services continued to function. In government bureaus Annamites set about the exciting business of creating a government of their own. In all the month of August, by subsequent official French acknowledgment, only one Frenchman was killed in a street clash. The Viet Nam government opened wide the prison gates. Thousands of political prisoners came blinking into the light from sordid dungeons. A fleet of seagoing junks was hastily mobilized and sent off to the island penal colony of Poulu-Condor to rescue the victims of French and Japanese justice held there.

It seemed indeed, for a breathless interval, that the new dispensation had come. The Annamites believed that what they had won for themselves, the victorious Allies would never take away. "We are convinced," they said in their declaration of independence, "that the Allies who recognized the principles of equality at the conferences of Teheran and San Francisco cannot fail to recognize the independence of Viet Nam." That they believed. But the Viet Minh ruled in Saïgon for only one month. By the time the prisoners of Poulu-Condor approached the coast in their fleet of junks with their brown-patched sails, they landed, not to join a freely functioning republic but to enter a harshly renewed struggle to be free.

By agreement of the great powers at the Potsdam conference, the reoccupation of Indo-China and the disarming of the Japanese was split between the British and Chinese. North of the 16th parallel the Chinese were charged with the responsibility—there the Chinese permitted the provisional government to operate with limited powers in Hanoi. South of the 16th parallel was the responsibility of the British. The British moved from their Southeast Asia command directly to Saïgon.

Pax Britannica

THE first British representatives arrived in Saïgon during the last days of August to set up the headquarters of the Allied commission. The Annamites covered the city with Allied flags in welcome.

The British refused to treat directly with the Viet Minh government. They insisted it was a creature of the Japanese, the product of Japanese plotting and intrigue against the Allies. So they communicated with the local Viet Minh authorities only through the Japanese army headquarters. Pham Ngoc Thach, the young foreign-affairs secretary of the committee, patiently wrote the British commander day after day, requesting direct contact and offering fullest Viet Minh assistance in the task of concentrating and disarming the 70,000 Japanese in the southern zone. His letters were ignored. The British ordered the Japanese to keep their troops in full war kit, to sit tight where they were, retaining all arms and holding all gar-

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risoned points until Allied forces could take them over.

The British had come to "restore" order, and they began by promptly disrupting the order they found prevailing throughout their zone. They declared martial law. They suppressed Annamite newspapers. They rearmed the bulk of 5,000 French troops who had been under Japanese internment. They ordered the disarmament of Viet Minh militia and police. The ranking French officer in the city, a Colonel Cedile, regrouped the French soldiers who had been rearmed and joined them to the small force of about 150 Commandos he had brought in with him. With these forces, he prepared to seize power.

This was accomplished by a coup d'état, carried out with armed stealth in the early morning hours of September 23, 1945. With Cedile personally commanding, the French troops moved against the Hotel de Ville, the new seat of the Viet Minh government. They attacked the post office and the Sûreté. Annamite sentries were shot down. Occupants of the building were either killed or taken prisoner. Records were seized and scattered. Scores of Annamites were trussed up and marched off. Foreign eye-witnesses that morning saw blood flow, saw bound men beaten. They saw French colonial culture being restored to Saïgon. There was a house-to-house roundup in which many more prisoners were taken, but the principal Annamite leaders, warned in time, made good their escape into the nearby countryside. By 9 o'clock that morning the tricolor again flew over Saïgon. In the city and in neighboring Cholon, the large Chinese quarter, Annamite resistance immediately began. There was street fighting. Grenades were thrown. And as these first battles began, Major General Douglas Gracey, the British commander, issued an invitation to Viet Minh leaders to come in for negotiations with the French around his table.

"But why," Gracey's chief political spokesman was asked, "why would you not talk with the Viet Minh before the shooting started?"

"Because you cannot negotiate when a pistol is held at your head," the British official replied.

"You mean you can negotiate only when you hold a pistol at the other party's head?" He shrugged.

On October 12 the British and French, with Japanese troops assisting, opened a formal campaign to widen the perimeter around Saïgon. Five days later the Annamites counter-attacked in the city itself, and the fighting came to within a few blocks of the French and British headquarters. That was the last major Annamite challenge in Saïgon itself. After that the fighting spread across the swampy flatlands of the Saïgon River delta. By grace of the British, and with the aid of the Japanese, the French had regained a toehold.

Although the French were able to re-establish their rule south of the parallel, the Viet Nam movement grew in strength at Hanoi in the north.

North of the 16th Parallel

The seat of the provisional government of the Viet Nam Republic was in Hanoi. It is a pleasant city, lying quietly in the sun on the Red River plain in northern Tonkin, not far from the Chinese frontier. Like most cities in the colonial East, it has its spacious foreign quarter, built here in the familiar French provincial style with its broad avenues and comfortable, ugly homes. Back of these avenues are the seamed, crowded alleys where the Annamites and the Chinese live. But when I drove into Hanoi from the airfield in the sleepy warmth of that mid-November afternoon, many evidences of great change flickered past on the walls and on the shop fronts. The Viet Nam flag flew everywhere. Across every open surface there were slogans chalked or painted or printed: *"Doc lap hay chet!"* ("Independence or death!"); *"Nuoc Viet Nam sua nguh Viet Nam!"* ("Viet Nam to the Viet Namese!"); *"Tha chet cou hon trelaine le!"* ("Death rather than return to slavery!").

When I saw his picture painted on a huge banner on one of the main streets, I was fairly certain. When we walked into the sitting room on the second floor of the Résidence Supérieure and he held out his hand smiling, I knew he was indeed my Shanghai friend of long ago.

"You have changed," he said, looking me over with cocked head.

"So have you," I replied.

"You used to have black hair and you were thinner," he said. "And I? How have I changed?"

Ho Chi-minh had become an old man in these twelve years. His hair had turned gray. He wore now a scraggly little mustache and a beard of long, thin strands. His cheeks were deep hollows, his skin like old paper. His brown eyes shone with a quizzical brightness. He wore a faded khaki jacket and trousers, a white shirt and old slippers.

"And now," he said, "I'm president of the provisional government of the Republic of Viet Nam. They call me 'Excellency.' Funny, eh?"

As he told me of what had passed with him in these years, I understood his painful thinness and the two teeth missing, fallen from the front of his mouth. He had got to Europe, then returned to Hong Kong. He made his way to the Indo-Chinese frontier region, where for years he lived the life of a wanderer in the mountains, meeting friends, tortuously keeping contact with his fellows farther south, slipping into Indo-China again and again and making good his escape. There was a long siege in Chinese prisons. "All the way up to Liuchow and Kweilin," he grinned. "It was at Kweilin that my teeth began to fall out. I looked at myself once and then tried never to look again. I was skin on bones, and covered with rotten sores. I guess I was pretty sick." The Chinese held him as, of all things, a French spy!

Clear finally of his Chinese jailers, he returned to the border region, began organizing guerrillas in the mountains that rim southern Kwangsi and the Tonkin frontier. In March he crossed over and was the leader of the bands which made contact with the Americans, received arms and training and direction from American officers, and succeeded in three months in liberating large areas in the northern provinces. When the Viet Minh congress met at Coabang just as the Japanese surrendered, they named him president of the provisional government. He entered Hanoi and was riotously greeted by streets jammed with demonstrators.

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The French identified Ho Chi-minh as Nguyen Ai Quoc, the most persistent, canny and dangerous of all the revolutionary nationalists in Indo-China. He never once fell into their hands, although he had often been within reach. If they had ever caught him, he would have been given short shrift. Nguyen Ai Quoc shipped to France as a laborer during the last war. There, like so many other Asiatic laborers—Chinese, Korean, Indian—he caught a glimpse of what it was not to be a slave. He became a communist. He wrote eloquent articles and pamphlets. He became an international figure, the representative of his country's struggle for liberation from the French. In the years that followed his name became universally known throughout Tonkin, Annam and Cochin China. It became synonymous with the most dogged and persevering attempts to create and keep alive kernels of resistance to French rule. Nguyen Ai Quoc was like a shadow across French mastery in Indo-China. His presence was reported everywhere. His name was spoken in whispers. His influence stirred young people in the villages and towns.

The problem of survival

THE tiny Viet Nam Republic stood very feeble and very alone in the world. It had nothing but the will of its people behind it and a profound moral conviction of the justice of its cause. These were assets that could buy little on the world political markets.

The Annamite government knew it could not stand long alone. Its leaders were quite aware that existence depended on what adjustment they could make to the stronger forces surrounding them and beyond them.

Independence would not sustain Viet Nam by itself. Viet Nam would need outside help; it would have to be integrated into a world which would allow it to profit from its rice and rubber and coal and labor and to begin reorganizing the exploitation of its resources in terms of its own needs. Did such a world exist? If not a world, then a friend upon whom they could count among the mighty?

Upon whom could they count? Certainly not now upon the Chinese.

What of the Russians? Would they bring any strong political support to the Annamite cause? I met no Annamite who thought so; and I spoke to many Annamite communists. The Annamite communists, like all their fellow nationalists, suffered from a terrifying sense of their isolation. They were unusually frank and cynical about the Russians. Even the most orthodox among them, like shaggy-haired Dran van Giau, the partisan organizer, granted that the Russians went in for "an excess of ideological compromise," and said he expected no help from that quarter, no matter how distant or verbal it might be. "The Russians are nationalists for Russia first and above all," another Annamite communist said with some bitterness.

"They would be interested in us only if we served some purpose of theirs. Right now, unfortunately, we do not seem to serve any such purpose."

"How about the French communists?" I asked. He snorted with disgust. "The French communists," he said,

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"are Frenchmen and colonialists first and communists after. In principle they are for us, but in practice? Oho, that is quite another thing!" One of the top-ranking Annamite communists spoke contemptuously of Thorez, who in a Paris speech had said he was in favor of the Annamites "finally arriving at their independence." He laughed sourly. "A fine rubber phrase, is it not? You can stretch it into any shape or any meaning. No, I am afraid we cannot depend on these fine gentlemen. They are the dominant party in France now. And look what Frenchmen are doing now in Indo-China."

From the small handful of French communists in Indo-China, the Annamite comrades learned a remarkable lesson in their kind of politics. There were only twenty in the French communist group in Saïgon. "Of these only one," said my Annamite communist companion, "*only one* solidarized with us. The rest stood aside." The French group prepared a document for the Indo-Chinese Communist Party which bore the date of September 25—two days after the French had seized power in the city. I was able to read the document, but not to copy it, so the notes I made immediately afterward are not verbatim. But the substance was as follows: It advised the Annamite communists to be sure, before they acted too rashly, that their struggle "meets the requirements of Soviet policy." It warned that any "premature adventures" in Annamite independence might "not be in line with Soviet perspectives." These perspectives might well include France as a firm ally of the USSR in Europe, in which case the Annamite independence movement would be an embarrassment. Therefore it urged upon the Annamite comrades a policy of "patience."

ANNAMITE nationalists spoke of the United States as men speak of a hope they know is forlorn but to which they desperately cling all the same. Could all the fine phrases of the Atlantic Charter, of the United Nations pact, of President Roosevelt and his successor, really have meant nothing at all? Nothing? All right, let us make allowances for expediency, for big-power politics, for all the shabby realities. Would not the United States still find it wiser for the sake of its position in the Far East to win support among the people rather than to cling to the rotten imperial system of the past? It seemed not. For the only indication the Annamites had of America's role in their struggle came in the form of lend-lease weapons and equipment being used against them by the French and British, and the stunning announcement of an American deal with France for the purchase of $160 million worth of vehicles and miscellaneous industrial equipment for the French in Indo-China. The Americans were democrats in words but no help in fact, just as the Russians were communists in words but no help in fact. "We apparently stand quite alone," said Ho Chi-minh simply. "We shall have to depend on ourselves."

This left them to consider the possible terms of compromise with the French. In relation to the French, the Annamites did not feel weak. "We will make Indo-China uninhabitable for the French," said one Annamite leader. "They will fight their way. We will fight our way. If we have to, we'll destroy everything the French have built in order to make our own beginning."

[Having reëstablished a tenuous hold in the south with the help of the British and Japanese, the French moved early last year to regain entry in the north. They accomplished this by recognizing the independence of Viet Nam within their proposed French Union. The issue of Cochin China, in the south, they offered to submit to a popular referendum. This agreement, signed by Viet Nam under extreme pressure, was never honored by the French. French troops were readmitted to the north without resistance, but the Cochin China referendum never took place. Instead the French set up a local puppet government and undertook to "protect" it from Viet Nam's encroachments. In Hanoi friction and clashes continued throughout the year. It became increasingly plain that the French intention was to overthrow the intransigent nationalists who ruled in Hanoi and replace them with more pliable tools. This was the issue that finally led to open conflict last month. It is not a matter of who fired the first shot. The fact is that the fighting that had begun a year before had never truly ended. The issue remained the same; resumption of French mastery versus Annamite freedom. – H.R.I.]

Report from Warsaw

by Stephen Laird

WARSAW, January 24. – I arrived in Warsaw from Berlin four days before the election—too late, apparently, to witness any "terror" or "moral pressure" by the left-wing government or its opposition. But American officials and most of the correspondents long on the scene assured me—either righteously or sorrowfully, according to their personal political orientation—that the government did employ force, open and hidden, to weaken its opposition.

I was told by competent correspondents that the government, to ensure its victory, had disfranchised large numbers of opposition voters, conducted mass arrests, arranged for evasion of secret-ballot provisions of the law and that its security police had indulged in terroristic physical violence against the opposition candidates of Vice-Premier Stanislaw Mikolajczyk's Peasant Party. To this the government reply was that in certain instances the Peasant Party blends off almost indistinguishably into the violent semi-fascist underground. Last month, said the government, 5,000 government officials, sympathizers and security policemen had been murdered by the underground.

My first night in Warsaw I had dinner privately with Mikolajczyk, whom I knew rather well when he was Premier of the Polish Government-in-Exile in London. His voice and gestures had lost none of their calm slowness, his smile was still easy, but the events of the past three years have given nervousness to his eyes and taken the fat off his neck, so that the soft-collared shirts he had bought in London were too large.

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When Mikolajczyk repeated the charges of terrorism I had heard from correspondents, I asked him if there was any truth in the government charges that members of his Peasant Party and the underground forces had employed violence against government officials and supporters in the villages. He said, "Yes, sometimes my followers lose patience and take things into their own hands." I asked him if he believed that as many government followers were beaten up by his people as his people were beaten up by government supporters. He replied, "This is possible, but the difference is that our people are beaten up in jails."

Election day

ON election day the Peasant Party claimed it was allowed to have observers present only in about 200 precincts out of 6,776. Early Sunday morning of election day, I drove through Warsaw's cleaned-up streets to view the various polling centers. The Peasant Party seemed to have as many posters up as the government bloc. There were a couple of red streamers across important intersections, but these noted the second anniversary of Warsaw's liberation.

At the first polling center I stood for a while watching individuals vote—many of them were young people wearing jaunty, traditional, red-and-white student caps. Then down the street marched a group of employees of the local gasworks, waving placards above their heads to show they were going to vote for the government bloc. This open voting, encouraged by the government and its papers and radio, is one of the things most heavily criticized by the official American and British observers in Warsaw.

At another polling center I watched an old priest vote (the vast majority of the Poles rigidly observe the Roman Catholic faith) and then I walked down the street talking to him in German. I was in the uniform of an American war correspondent, so I was somewhat astonished when he told me he had voted for the government bloc. "I think this way," he said. "Now we have a civil war in this country but it is confined to the forests. [He was referring to the illegal underground which the government calls fascist and is trying to exterminate or entice into the legal life of the country.] If the Peasant Party won the election, we'd have civil war in our cities and streets. Our country has had enough of war. Believe me, the Polish people will never accept any form of slavery from any government or any foreign power, and today our job is to have peace to rebuild and build and to make our country great again."

Why the government won

THE recent election, as was generally anticipated, resulted in an overwhelming government victory—85 percent for the government, 15 percent for the opposition. To just what degree this diverged from the real sentiment of the Polish people is a matter of debate.

Some observers, including an Allied ambassador in Warsaw (not Russia's Lebedev), believe it possible that the government bloc did win an honest majority in the election. And a number of observers, including some high neutral officials, say that though the Peasant Party might have won 85 percent of the votes three months ago in a free election, today it would have won no more than 70 percent. And they go on to give their firm opinion that this trend will continue. Those who think the government bloc may have won an honest majority, and those who declare that government strength is growing in Poland, give two very sober and significant reasons: (1) the high competence of most government officials and Poland's very real economic progress; (2) American policy toward Germany since Byrnes's Stuttgart speech.

The validity of the first reason was obvious. As you drive through Warsaw you are struck by the fact that, though it is much more completely destroyed than Berlin, it has been incredibly brought back to life. Every single building along the road has been ruined one way or another by air raids, by the German siege, by Warsaw's uprising, by the dynamiting and burning when the Germans retreated, by the Russian advance into the city. But all along the way, the ground floors have been rebuilt into attractive cement and glass-fronted shops which are full of goods on sale. There is an abundance of electric lights at night. People go along the streets warmly dressed, looking into fairly well stocked shopwindows and buying necessities like foods at low, controlled prices.

The government is proud of what it has done to set in motion the wheels of industry. It boasts that coal production is now higher than ever before in Poland's history—partly because of the acquisition of Germany's Silesian mines. Transportation is slowly mending, but the railways are short of box cars. Electricity output is gradually approaching prewar levels. Some people estimate that unions have doubled their prewar membership. Food is short, and Poland's agriculture is struggling desperately against the devastation of war and the shock of social revolution. When UNRRA supplies are cut off in the spring, Poland will face a crisis in feeding her people.

UNRRA and the anticipated food crisis touch directly on the attitude of the Poles toward America, and thus, indirectly, on the second reason for the growth of strength of the government bloc.

Repeatedly, Poles would tell me—including the moderate Poles I knew in London who came back to Poland as Mikolajczyk's supporters—that Mikolajczyk and the Peasant Party are linked to American and British policy. The government press and radio hammers this at the Polish nation day in, day out. Now this, for many Poles, was perfectly all right until US former Secretary of State Byrnes made his famous Stuttgart speech in Germany.

Help Germany or rebuild Poland?

EVERY Pole agrees on one thing: They hate the Germans. There probably isn't one Pole who has not lost a close relative or friend in Nazi terror, which reached its brutal, unreasoning zenith here. Countless Poles, regardless of their personal political inclinations, seem to believe that in Byrnes's Stuttgart speech, the Western democracies have decided to strengthen Germany instead of helping to rebuild Poland.

Thus, the United States and Britain now guarantee every German 1,550 calories a day, and almost entirely by the importation of food from America. The Poles know—their papers never let them forget it—that by the first of July Britain and the United States promise the Germans 1,800 calories a day. During this same period, when UNRRA supplies are cut off, the Polish ration in the cities is expected to drop to about 1,200 to 1,400 calories a day.

Above all the Poles, as a result of the Byrnes Stuttgart speech, seem to believe that the United States and Britain plan to give some Silesian territory now under Polish administration back to Germany. A moderate Pole, well known to many American correspondents during his connection with the Polish Government-in-Exile, said to me, "I hate this, but I have come to think that American policy, in its suspicions about Russia, has forgotten Poland's wartime and peacetime efforts in apparent determination to make our former enemy, Germany, strong again."

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Hoosier's Progress

by Vance Johnson

Charles Abraham Halleck of Indiana has won his way to House leadership by recognizing "good things" early

ANYONE trying to catch up with Charles Abraham Halleck of Indiana, the new Republican leader of the House of Representatives, should be equipped, at the very minimum, with a pair of roller skates plus a jet-assist take-off attachment. To most people around the Capitol, Halleck is just a blur—he moves so swiftly.

Compared with the two party leaders of the 79th Congress, John W. McCormack, Democrat, and Joseph W. Martin Jr., Republican, Charlie Halleck is a bolt of lightning. Neither McCormack nor Martin is ever hurried, but Halleck is always in a rush. He likes good automobiles and habitually drives as though he were on the way to a fire. He constantly gives the impression that he is five minutes late and trying to catch up. Words fall from his mouth in cascades.

Yet change of pace is not entirely foreign to him. He is an expert fisherman, which requires patience as well as skill. Whenever possible, he takes off for an outing—just to loaf—with his pretty wife and teen-age children, twins, boy and girl. Around his home he can give a perfect picture of a man with no ambition whatever—and this five minutes after having crowded all speed limits in a dash from the office.

These attributes strongly influenced House Republicans in electing Halleck as their leader. One of his 1940 campaign slogans sums up the man as seen by his colleagues, "He is a man who gets things done."

"I told Charlie the other day he was one of the worst kind of tyrants," said one of his associates on the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. "He never bosses you around. He just asks you to do something, but his approach is so persuasive you find yourself breaking your neck to get it done thirty minutes ago."

At the same time, Halleck can be effective in restraining over-enthusiastic colleagues from rash acts. A few days before the election he was credited with having said, "The new Republican House will open every day with a prayer and end with a probe." But after his election, he busied himself persuading Republicans not to turn the 80th Congress into a witch hunt. He thought it would be bad politics—investigations should be started only after the most careful consideration and when there was real prospect of turning up dirt.

In spite of his hurry, Halleck gives the impression of a deadly serious young man who knows where he wants to go. But just what his objectives are is an enigma, for he has been extremely adept in refusing to commit himself too far. Most people around the Capitol regard him as standing somewhere in the middle of his party—which is considerably right of center. But in the past he has lined up most often with the conservative, old-guard wing.

Halleck's political advice is taken seriously by most of his colleagues, because in 11 years in the House he seems to have always lined up with the winners. Some say he can stick a wet finger into the air and feel a strong political wind when his fellows feel not even a breeze.

"Charlie always has been a bellwether of the Republicans in the House," one veteran Washington correspondent said the other day. "I always keep in close touch with him, because if I can find out what he is thinking I can figure out in advance what the Republicans are going to do."

Halleck showed his skill at picking "good things" at a relatively tender age. When he entered the University of Indiana he joined the non-fraternity forces as a leader—the loudest and, no doubt, the hardest-working campaigner in that camp. When he was graduated, he left with a law degree in his hand, a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from his watch chain and a reputation as one of the powers in campus politics. He was also by then a member of Beta Theta Pi, the most exclusive fraternity on the campus.

In 1940, when a group of amateurs were grooming Wendell Willkie for the Republican nomination, there was a time when it seemed doubtful that any Hoosier could be found to nominate him, and they considered an Indiana send-off indispensable. The Indiana delegation was solidly for Senator Robert A. Taft. But then someone thought of Charlie Halleck.

The Willkie story

HALLECK had come to the House in 1935 as Indiana's lone Republican. He found himself among a handful of weary, disheartened oldsters distinguished for shaking hands but weak of lung power. Being well endowed with the latter, Halleck took advantage of every opportunity to speak—in the House and out. By 1940, having traveled over many parts of the country, Halleck had built quite a following among party wheelhorses.

One of Halleck's old friends broached the matter of a nominating speech for Willkie. Exactly what happened at that meeting has not been recorded, but at least three versions still go the rounds.

One is that Halleck was extremely

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skeptical about Willkie's chance of winning the nomination, that he feared offending Taft's supporters in the Indiana delegation and that, therefore, he at first demurred. Another is that he liked Willkie on sight, thought him the "kind of a man we need to lead us out of the chaos of the New Deal," and immediately agreed to make the nominating speech. The third version is that Halleck agreed to make the speech before Willkie stirred up such a tremendous intra-party row, thinking he was only making a magnanimous gesture to a "favorite son." It is said that later he would have given anything to have been able to renege. At any rate, newspapermen who were along say that when Halleck boarded the train for Philadelphia he was a very worried young man.

But when the time came for his speech, he gave a magnificent performance. The convention was in uproar. Halleck's speech was made in short sentences between boos and threats from the floor, cheers from the galleries and the pounding of Chairman Joe Martin's gavel. It was a fighting speech, one that drew praise from most of the press the next morning. After Willkie had won the nomination, Halleck gave every outward impression of a devoted disciple. He traveled on the Willkie train for several weeks, trying to keep Willkie's amateur brain trust from affronting local party leaders who came aboard and frequently advising the candidate on tactics.

Party regularity or bust

BUT Willkie lost the election. Time passed and Willkie became more and more interventionist (while Indiana became more and more isolationist). Increasingly, Willkie became a "New Dealer" in Republican eyes, and Charlie Halleck drifted swiftly away. By 1942 he was trying his best to forget his transgression. The mere mention of Willkie sent shudders up his spine.

Halleck stayed out of pre-convention politics in 1944, but when Dewey was nominated, he plunged enthusiastically into the job of supporting the national ticket. By then he had become chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, and already had his sights set on the post of House leader. Nothing mattered so much as proving his party regularity.

Onward and upward

CHARLIE HALLECK has been running for office, one way or another, since he was in knee pants. His father, Abraham Lincoln Halleck, and his mother—both lawyers—always had been active in Indiana Republican politics. Their law office was on the courthouse square in Rensselaer (pop. 3,000), county seat of Jasper County, and the elder Halleck served two terms in the state senate. Charlie began hauling voters to the polls almost as soon as he had learned to drive an automobile. Immediately after his graduation from Indiana University law school in 1922, he started running for circuit prosecutor and was elected in 1924. A serious, energetic defender of law and order, he served five two-year terms. Then came November, 1934.

Senator Watson's Indiana Republican machine had fallen apart with the Roosevelt landslide in 1932. The Democrats had elected Paul V. McNutt Governor and had sent a solid Democratic delegation to Congress. In the emergency, desperate party leaders in Halleck's home district nominated Frederick Landis, an old Bull Moose Progressive and anti-Klan leader, for Congress in 1934. Landis was elected—the only successful Republican candidate in the state. But a few days after the election Landis died.

Halleck recognized his chance. In the space of about three weeks he made sure of enough votes among county GOP chairmen and vice-chairmen to win the nomination on the sixth ballot of a party caucus. He won the special election in January, 1935, by sheer lung power and endurance.

The newspapers called Halleck "Indiana's Republican hope" when he breezed into Washington. Charlie agreed. "I consider that I am the advance guard of an increasing number of Republicans who will be sent to Washington," he said.

Surveying the ranks of the decadent GOP in the House, Charlie saw a golden opportunity for a young man to succeed. He launched an offensive at once. He accepted all invitations to address Republican gatherings. He never missed an important social function in Washington, even though Democrats outnumbered Republicans a hundred to one. Men of all political faiths described him as a "good fellow." He had a flair for statements easily translated into headlines, and that delighted the reporters.

In the late thirties, he was a member of a committee headed by Representative Howard Smith (D, Va.) which investigated the National Labor Relations Board and recommended sweeping amendments to the NLRB Act. (Halleck signed the majority report.) As oldsters died off or retired, Halleck moved high on the Republican seniority list. At one time he was a member of two of the most powerful committees of the House: Rules and Interstate and Foreign Commerce.

From his first day in Washington, he worked long and hard building a record of unswerving opposition to the New Deal. "Let social experimentation come later," he said. "We should stop shopping around for Utopias that do not exist." One of the first sentences he uttered in the House was: "I am a Republican, firm in the belief. . . ." In 1938, Bruce Barton described him as "a young Abraham Lincoln."

Isolationist no longer

UNTIL Pearl Harbor he held unyieldingly to the isolationist position he had taken as far back as 1937. "Enemy ships would have to come up the Potomac River before Congress would declare another war," he said then; in 1941 he declared that "our physical entry into the war is not necessary." But after the Japanese struck in far away Hawaii, Halleck worked hard and earnestly for legislation to support the military effort—often even opposing large numbers of his Republican colleagues. He voted for the United Nations Charter, for UNRRA, for the Bretton Woods economic agreement.

Meanwhile, he continued his feud with the New Dealers. He opposed price controls from the beginning and supported restrictive amendments to the Price Control Act after it was adopted; he fought for higher farm prices and

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waged vigorous campaigns against the OPA's grade-labeling program to protect consumers.

The war ended and the biennial elections of 1946 approached. As chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, Halleck did his utmost to raise money for the party's embattled candidates. Businessmen liked his earnestness, were encouraged by his industry and thrilled by his optimism. They contributed generously. Once he drove all the way from Indiana to California and back, speaking at every crossroads that boasted a Republican candidate for anything. He has never caught a train more than a minute before it pulled out of the station, but never has been late for an appointment with a Republican hopeful.

Under those conditions, it seemed only logical that Charlie Halleck should step up as majority leader when Joe Martin, too, had stepped up to the speakership. Halleck's associates on the committee insist that campaign funds were distributed with absolute impartiality, but there are those among House Republicans who whisper that with every check there went a reminder: "This comes from Charlie Halleck." Whatever the reason, a great many Republicans elected since 1940 feel personally beholden to Halleck. Although at one time there were three other candidates for the majority leadership, there never was any real doubt that Halleck had the votes to win.

Dewey and Halleck

FRIENDS of Halleck like to shrug off the endorsement Dewey gave Halleck at the crucial point of the leadership campaign. Charlie is friendly with all Republican presidential aspirants, including Senator Taft, they say. He did not invite the Dewey endorsement and they continue, "as a matter of fact, it probably hurt him more than it helped."

To a great many Republicans it is inconceivable that Dewey would have uttered a word without first consulting Halleck. And they consider the fact that Dewey did speak out—and Halleck kept mum—as highly significant. For Charlie Halleck always seems to pick winners. Even Wendell Willkie won the nomination.

Defeat By Indifference

by Leonard Engel and Ted Thorner

Low registration in Democratic Party primaries cleared the ground for last year's reactionary election "sweep"

LAST YEAR was a year of defeat for progressives in the United States. But the pattern of defeat that came from the polling booths of the country was punctured by major liberal victories as significant as they were exceptional. Several notorious characters of the Right, such as Burton Wheeler, were driven out of public life; genuine tribunes of the people, like Governor Jim Folsom of Alabama, were elected to office. Moreover, well entrenched machines were boldly challenged in several states.

Where did these developments take place? They took place not in the Northeast, with its solid millions of union members, its liberal institutions and press, its reputation as the most progressive section of the nation. The triumphs were confined almost exclusively to the South and West. In the 15 states from Illinois to Maine, progressives won only one victory in senatorial or gubernatorial contests. This was the reëlection of Senator Harley Kilgore of West Virginia.

In those states, few candidates of the caliber of Folsom and Kilgore were nominated, let alone elected. Nearly all the "liberals" offered to the voters were tired old Democratic Party wheelhorses, like Walsh of Massachusetts, whose voting records read well in comparison with Republicans and Southern conservatives, but who had no real fight left in them.

The absence of hard-hitting progressive candidates in the North and East was a direct reflection of a seldom observed but highly pertinent fact: Participation in the party primaries, particularly the primaries of the Democratic Party, is extremely low in this region. Only in the solidly Republican farm states west of Illinois, where the Democrats are traditionally weak, does a smaller proportion of Democratic voters take part in primaries. Consequently, the city machines which dominate the Democratic Party in the Northeast nominate whomever they please. Their choice, needless to say, seldom runs to men with fighting convictions.

They stayed away in droves

LAST year the Democratic primary vote in the 13 Northeastern states with some form of primary was only 21 percent of the party's vote in the general election of 1944. In the Far West, participation was more than twice as great —49 percent. And in the South, partly because of the one-party system, it was 134 percent.

Altogether, the Northeast, which in 1944 gave Roosevelt 14.2 million votes (including the ALP and Liberal Party

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votes), or 13.4 million, if the minor-party ballots are excluded, cast only 2.6 million votes in Democratic primaries last year. Primary participation in the Northeast was highest, incidentally, in West Virginia—the state that nominated and returned the invaluable Senator Kilgore to Washington.

Statewide primaries are held in 10 Northeastern states. Here are the figures:

	Democratic Primary vote in 1946	*Percent of Roosevelt vote in 1944*
W. Va.	128,000	33
Ill.	577,000	27
Mass.	approx. 250,000	24
Ohio	327,000	21
Pa.	387,000	20
N. J.	183,000	19
Maine	26,000	19
N. H.	20,000	17
Mich.	135,000	12
Vt.	2,500	5

In Delaware, Indiana and New York, which hold local and congressional primaries only, the position is the same. Less than 25 percent of Indiana's 1944 Democratic voters cast primary ballots in 1946. In New York, where the Democrats remain the most useful vehicle for progressives despite the existence of the American Labor and Liberal Parties, the turnout was just over 10 percent.

In Connecticut and Rhode Island, the voting public plays an even smaller role in the nominating process. These two are the only states in the Union in which candidates are still chosen exclusively by convention.

The Far West and the South

By contrast, in the 11 states of the Far West (Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington and Wyoming), the proportion of Democratic voters participating in primaries ranged as high as 95 percent. In California, where progressives remain in a strong position despite the defeat of the Democrats, it was 59 percent. In Montana in whose primary Wheeler was eliminated, it was 83 percent.

The 1946 Democratic primary total for the 11 states was 1,760,000. This is almost half of the 3,570,000 votes polled by the Democrats in the general election in 1944 in those states.

In the South, the one-party system makes the primary the real election. Hence it is not surprising that it attracts many more voters. Even allowing for that, however, last year's total was unusually high for an off-year election. In the 10 states with no Republican representation (Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Texas and Virginia), it was 4,130,000, a third larger than the preceding general-election vote.

The record turnout in the South reflected a progressive effort whose achievements are genuinely impressive. An outstanding Governor, Folsom, and a promising Senator, John J. Sparkman, were elected in Alabama. Another progressive gubernatorial candidate, James D. Carmichael of Georgia, was done out of victory only by Georgia's archaic "unit-rule" system. In Virginia, the Byrd machine was challenged for the first time in 24 years. The state machine was also challenged in Texas; its opponent, Dr. Homer P. Rainey, polled nearly 500,000 votes.

Primary participation was also exceptional in two border states where the people are stirring. In both Tennessee, where the Crump-McKellar machine had to face the most formidable opposition in years, and in Oklahoma, three of whose anti-OPA Representatives were cut down in the Democratic primary, it was substantially 100 percent.

The remarkable thing about the large progressive primary vote in Southern and Western states is that progressives in the South are up against a limited franchise, and in both the South and the West have comparatively few political resources.

Let us return to the Northeast and review its primary vote against the background of Northeastern political resources. An exciting vista opens up at once.

Labor v. the machines

As shown above, the 1946 Democratic primary vote in 13 Northeastern states was 2.6 million. As few as two million additional progressive votes would put real representatives of the people on scores of Democratic tickets. Five million, organized for sustained primary action over a period of a few years, would annihilate the city machines and bring about a complete transformation of the party.

The Northeast is the region of our great industrial centers, with their millions of organized workers. The CIO alone has at least four million members between Illinois and Maine. The Northeast also supports a strong liberal and radical press, including several big-city dailies and scores of foreign-language newspapers, among which there are more than 50 influential dailies. Some of the opportunities for influencing the Democratic Party through the primaries are so obvious as to raise the question of why they have not been utilized.

Last fall, for example, Republican Senator Arthur Vandenberg, the ex-isolationist "statesman" from Michigan, was opposed for reëlection by a Democrat, James Lee, who thought so well of Vandenberg that he literally made no campaign. This champion of democracy was nominated in a primary in which only 135,000 votes were cast. A single CIO union, the United Auto Workers, has at least twice that number of members in and around just one Michigan city, Detroit.

In Pennsylvania, the Democratic primary total was 387,000. This is far less than the combined Pennsylvania membership of the United Steel Workers, the United Electrical Workers and other leading progressive unions.

Two "third parties"

In New York City, only 230,000 took part in the 1946 Democratic primary. That raises an interesting series of questions. New York State's "third parties" between them have 600,000 supporters in the city (400,000 for the ALP, 200,000 for the Liberals). What would happen if these 600,000 votes were channeled into the Democratic primary? What would be the position today in the world's greatest city (which, by the way, has two non-Communist left-of-center daily newspapers, *PM* and the New York *Post*, with a total daily circulation of 437,000), if such a course had been followed in the past several years?

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Little insight is required to formulate an answer. At the very least, the machines which still disfigure New York politics would have been destroyed root and branch. In the 12 years of LaGuardia, New York City's Democratic machines were starved for patronage but were never really broken. While they were defeated in three successive mayoral elections, they were not effectively opposed in the primaries, in which party committees are chosen. Hence, they were able to keep their organizations substantially intact, ready to bounce back again at the first opportunity.

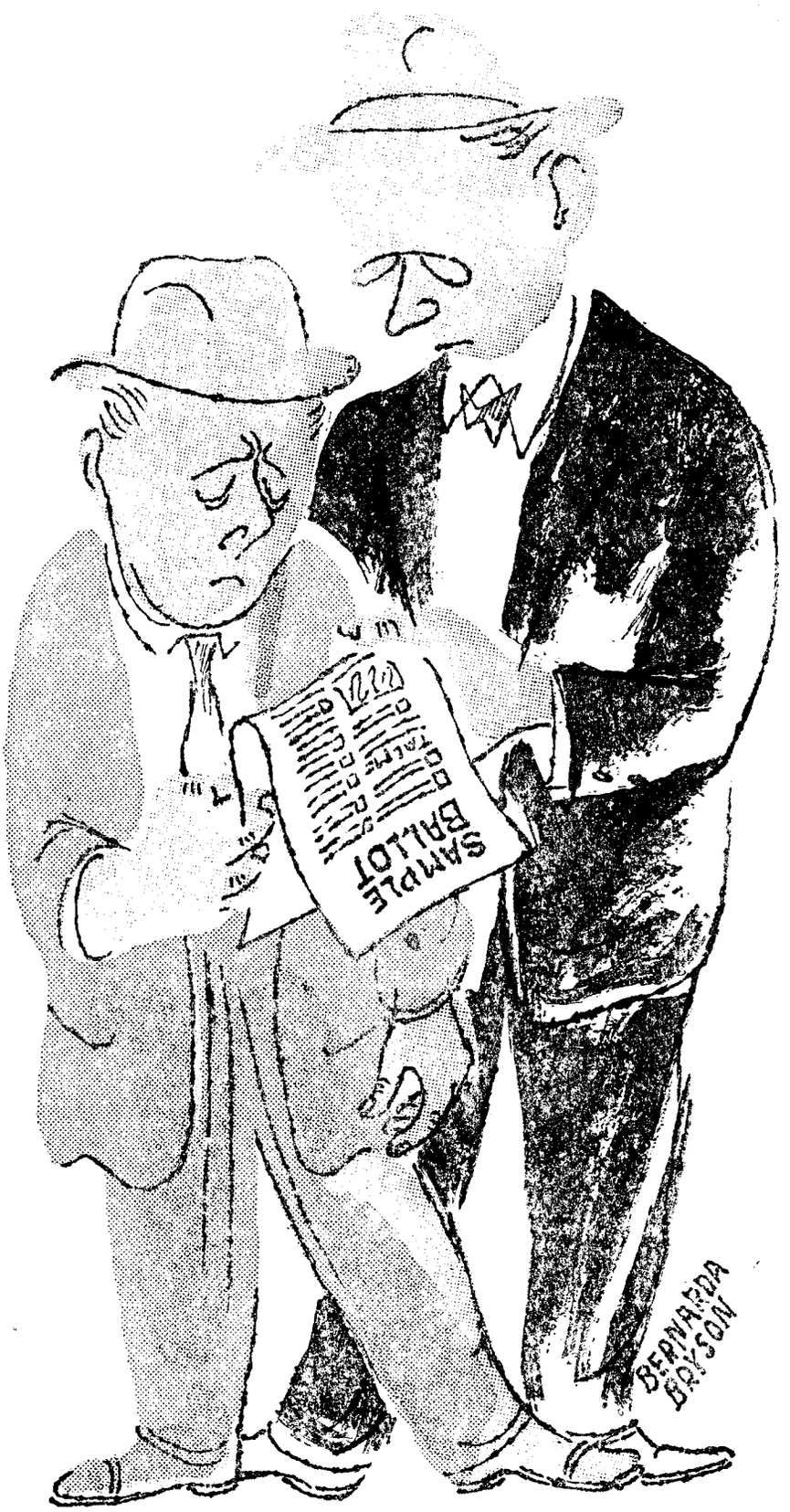
If the 600,000 ALP and Liberal votes had been directed into Democratic primaries, New Yorkers would also have had the opportunity of voting last fall for bona-fide progressives on the Democratic line in 24 congressional districts instead of three or four.

The states north of the Mason-Dixon line and east of Illinois send 30 Senators and 205 Representatives to Washington. This is almost a third of the Senate and half of the House. If the bulk of these were real delegates of the people, the entire complexion of Congress would be changed. The nation's legislative machinery might even be brought under outright progressive control.

Nor is this all. Primary elections decide not only nominations, but control of party apparatus. Active progressive participation in primaries throughout the Northeast would therefore have far-reaching consequences inside as well as outside the Democratic Party.

Liberalism or crumbs?

In six Far Western states (California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Utah and Washington) and in other states, progressives already have a firm grip on the Democratic Party organization, thanks to primary victories in the past. Suppose Northeastern progressives win a similar base? Progressives could then control the party in enough states to exercise commanding influence at the national level. Progressives would replace the Crump and Hague lieutenants on the Democratic National Committee and play an effective role at presidential nominating conventions. We would move toward a genuine two-party system, with a bona-fide liberal alongside a conservative party. Progressives, in short would be in a position to win national leadership, instead of being confined, as at present in the Northeast, to the status of impoverished guests grateful for whatever crumbs may fall from the tables of the mighty.



"How did that guy ever get on the ballot?"

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Henry Wallace

Science and the Military

FOR THE first time, the age of science is really here. Nuclear physics, radar, jet-propelled planes and rockets have finally made the scientist more important in the scheme of things to come than the politician, the big businessman, the general or the labor leader. Before Hiroshima, most scientists considered themselves above politics. Even yet many of them prefer to move in the political stratosphere to avoid contamination by the harsh realities of selfish human existence. Many are still willing to sell themselves to the highest bidder regardless of the purpose to which their science is being put. But many others, during the past two years, have become deeply concerned about the morality of their position. They have begun to ask themselves: Are we intellectual prostitutes, or are we human beings deeply concerned with the way in which the extraordinary new scientific forces are used?

For the first time in history the military have stepped in, in a really big way, to buy the best that science and the scientists can offer. Some of our largest universities are receiving more money from the military than from all other sources combined. During the war, Harvard, the California Institute of Technology, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Columbia received a total of more than $200 million in research contracts. Johns Hopkins is getting $20 million a year to finance guided-missile research for the Navy. This does not take into account the money spent at universities to develop the atomic bomb. No one knows the exact figures on atomic-energy research, but they probably ran far in excess of $100 million.

Before the war the federal government spent less than $50 million a year on research. Last year it spent nearly a billion dollars—and of that nearly 90 percent was for military purposes. Of course the military dominate the scientific field not merely in the universities but also more and more in the laboratories of private industry. Hundreds of millions of government money have been spent to finance military research and development projects run by General Electric, Western Electric, Westinghouse, RCA and duPont. The aircraft-manufacturing companies have also been the beneficiaries of enormously lucrative contracts. The situation, both in private industry and in the universities, is so striking that the conservative publication *Business Week* summed it all up by saying in its issue of September 14, 1946, "Partly by design, partly by default, federal support of pure science is today almost completely under military control. Its general direction is being set by military needs; its finances are coming from military funds. The odds are getting better all the time that pure scientific research will become, permanently, a branch of the military establishment."

The moral effect of millions of dollars of easy government money suddenly made available to universities is also bad. There are universities which now get three or four times as much from the Army and Navy as from all other sources combined. Individual scientists who used to get $4,000 to $5,000, all at once have had their income doubled or trebled. Those lucky enough to serve the government suddenly pass their less fortunate but perhaps more capable brother scientists who are working in a field of less interest to the military. Contracts between the institution and the Navy are written with hocus-pocus accounting which makes it a monetary inducement for the university to expand the government work as much as possible. While the universities do the job on a non-profit basis, the fact is they receive a percentage of the costs for "overhead." Thus the more they spend, the more they get. The government hands out prestige and money. The universities love it and the scientists find the increased income a suitable balm for any thoughts they may have had about pure science serving a lofty ideal.

NO ONE can blame the military for awaking to the fundamental realities of modern war. They are finally stepping in to take over the most immediately significant force in the world's future—science. But in so doing they are going far beyond their legitimate concern —the development of weapons in accord with our defense needs—and thus unconsciously and without intent crippling science and corrupting scientists.

America has just won a great technological war which she could easily have lost if it had not been for the cooperation between the scientists and the military. During the war I was strongly in favor of that coöperation and did all I could to facilitate it.

Today I look on the expenditure of such vast sums of money annually by the military on scientific work in every field as an indication that we are still at war. When we are really at peace we shall stop spending hundreds of millions annually on research work dealing with

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atomic bombs, bacteriological and chemical warfare, planes that can fly faster than sound and rockets which can obliterate any city in the world.

The most precious psychic income in the world comes from making new discoveries which increase the abundance and the appreciation of life. The agricultural scientist who increases the yield of the land can take an immense satisfaction in his work. But in reverse fashion, the most soul-deadening thing in the world is to use scientific methods in time of peace for the ultimate destruction of human life. I make an exception in the case of those men who are permanently employed by the Army and Navy. Those men have their duty to perform even in time of peace. But university and industrial scientists also have their duty to perform, and in time of peace that duty is to discover the truth and enrich life. Science is degraded to the brutal level of Nazism when it spends most of its time on methods of destroying human life.

The university authorities are almost always short of funds. It is easy therefore for the military, with their great appropriations, to march into the universities in many different ways. The university faculty is usually subservient as the military move into the educational and industrial fields in directions which are really no business of the Army and Navy. No matter what Hitler and the Kaiser said, man was not made for war. America was not built to be dominated by the military mind. Most of our ancestors left the Old World to get away from excessive militarism. If the American people now let the military dominate their science, their universities and their civilian life, the blame will be on them, rather than on the skilled propagandists who have done such a good job getting money out of Congress to spend for destruction in time of peace.

The best way to make our nation strong is for the government to help science in the Department of Commerce, the Public Health Service and other civilian agencies, just as it has helped science in the Department of Agriculture. Appropriations should be made by the federal government to finance peacetime industrial research in the universities corresponding to the research financed in the agricultural colleges. The federal government should strengthen our entire educational system, not on a military basis but from the standpoint of building up a vital, strong, well informed, industrious citizenship.

When the government finances industrial research, whether by means of a peacetime agency or the military, it should be concerned with patent rights. Research, even for the military, usually produces some results of peacetime value. The patents on these results should not be turned over to industrial friends free of charge. This is a field where it has been easy for the Navy, in particular, to be benevolent toward its civilian friends in the past. The Army has protected the patent position of the government somewhat more carefully. Patents are the citadel often used by monopolistic privilege, and the government certainly must avoid strengthening monopoly by turning over the results of government-financed work for nothing.

Science is the arbiter of the future. It can lead us down the road of destruction or deliver us from evil into a veritable Kingdom of Heaven here on earth. Science belongs to all the people. The people cannot allow science to be monopolized by any group, no matter how patriotic it may be. The military point of view must not be permitted to dominate science in time of peace. If we allow the present situation to continue, we shall eventually have in the United States a semi-military police state. No one will have planned it that way, but the forces now set in motion will inevitably produce that result unless the people speak through their elected representatives. The universities and the scientists should let the people know just where they stand.

News About Rubber

RUBBER has fascinated me from the day in 1934 when Herbert Feis of the State Department told me what would happen to the United States if Japan eventually attacked us. Therefore, as Secretary of Agriculture, I repeatedly urged on Congress the need for funds to finance rubber experiments in this hemisphere. By modern plant-breeding methods, superior strains of rubber had been discovered in the Far East. The US Department of Agriculture coöperated with the rubber companies to bring these strains to Costa Rica and Panama. I saw some of them when I visited these countries in 1943. The other day Walter Bangham, the plant breeder with Goodyear, dropped into the *New Republic* office to tell me of the progress since 1943. The high-yielding strains from the Far East are behaving in Costa Rica in the same way as in Sumatra. The Far Eastern strains are susceptible to the South American leaf-spot disease, but that is taken care of by grafting a disease-resistant type on top of the high-yielding trunk. The roots are of still a third variety. Under conditions where the soil is rich and a rainfall of more than 80 inches is well distributed throughout the year, these modern strains can produce rubber laid down at New York City at a very cheap price.

I hope the American consumer is given the benefit of the cheap price and that we do not put a tariff on rubber. To protect ourselves, we should of course maintain by government appropriation some of the better synthetic plants. Some of them can probably survive without subsidy or tariff, but my present guess is that within a few years the bulk of our rubber will come again from trees because of the fact that the plant breeder is still as good a scientist as the synthetic industrial chemist. H. A. W.

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"From Him That Hath Not . . ."

by F. Henryson

The official reports on the world food crisis are optimistic, but the starving get hungrier year by year

THE REPORT was elaborately printed, 14 pages of reassuring black-face type: "World food production," it promised primly, "will be about seven percent above the low level of last year and may be slightly above the prewar average." But the Yugoslav mother holding the tiny dead body, with its pencil legs and bloated belly, couldn't read English. Had she been able to, she wouldn't have been reassured. The body she was cradling against her wasted breast was that of the third child she had borne and tried to nourish and seen die of starvation.

The report read as though the Yugoslav starveling were an unproved statistic. The latest in the US Department of Agriculture's World Food Situation surveys, it made good news of the fact that food production was approaching 1938 levels. After all, it seemed to suggest between the lines, nobody starved before the war except the victims of the perennial famines in India and China. The time apparently had arrived to forget the food crisis and concentrate on more intimate problems like financing a new car.

But to measure this kind of crisis, facts other than production figures are needed. The number of mouths that have to be fed is one. Despite the efforts of those eminent Malthusians, Hitler and Hirohito, to reduce the world's population to the available resources, five percent more people live in the world today than did eight years ago. And the total supply of food is smaller because the carryover stocks available at the war's beginning no longer exist. Still, even with the missing facts, the picture doesn't seem overpoweringly gloomy. A 10-percent reduction per capita probably measures the difference in the position of the average world food consumer now as against 1938.

A 10-percent cut, on the average, wouldn't appear to justify excitement. But averages have a habit of concealing more than they reveal. The average world food consumer—if there were such a thing—might not be so badly off. Since there isn't, the non-average consumer who does the actual eating, or the actual starving, finds that the figures have nothing to do with his diet. In exporting countries unaffected by the war, the consumer is eating more than he did in 1938. In importing, war-ravaged areas, he's eating less.

As the table shows, the United States, Canada, Australia, Argentina and a few other countries which before the war were the best fed in the world are better fed today. India and China, always at the bottom of the scale, are even worse off than before. Parts of China are suffering unmitigated famine; the inhabitants of Kwangsi and certain areas in the north are getting less than 500 calories per day and are eating weeds and grass.

The only negative exceptions to the generalization, "Unto everyone that hath shall be given . . . but from him that hath not shall be taken away . . ." occurred in Europe. England and France have dropped from the best-fed category. Germany and Austria have dropped still farther. Conversely, a number of countries in Latin America and the Middle East that had insufficient prewar diets are better off today. But it cannot be much consolation to a Mexican to ingest a few more than the 2,000 calories daily he received before the war when the irreducible minimum for a healthy life is 2,400. The over-all picture reveals that comparatively few people, perhaps 200 million, have improved their already adequate diets. The rest of the earth's two billion inhabitants are either hungrier than before the war or, if less hungry, still far from being well fed.

Caloric intake alone does not measure hunger. Three or even four thousand calories a day wholly in the form of sugar or wheat flour can result in a different type of malnutrition. A rough but dependable method of testing whether a diet contains a sufficient proportion of the protective vitamins and minerals is to examine the percentage of fats and animal products, including milk. The amount of such foods consumed in China and India is too small to be recorded. In Northern and Western Europe the figure for fats and animal products has dropped from 35 percent of total caloric intake before the war to 26 percent today. In the United States and Canada the figure has *risen* from 43 percent in 1938 to 46 percent.

Statistics of death

WORLD-WIDE underconsumption of food would be less serious if it were a matter of a year or two. But the five to eight years of semi-starvation revealed by the figures wear out the human machine. The Yugoslav starveling was typical of many statistics—due to undernourishment, infant mortality in Yugoslavia is now 370 per 1,000 live births compared to 170 before the war. In Greece, the figure has risen from 114 to 185. Nearly all the children in both countries are underweight and anemic, and tuberculosis has greatly increased.

The basic cause of these conditions

F. Henryson is the pen name of an agricultural economist who has specialized in the field of world food production.

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has been established. Food production in the areas ravaged by war, although significantly improved from the low points of a year or two ago, has not fully recovered. In Europe the crucial grain crops, wheat and rye, were at 80 percent of their prewar totals in 1946, but dairy production had reached only 67 percent.

The Philippines, which once exported a million tons of sugar a year, have only recently stopped importing it. Korea, normally a great rice exporter, will probably not grow enough for her own needs. Burma, Siam and Indo-China will have only small surpluses of rice to ship to India and Malaya.

[The New York *Times* reported last week that due to the worst drought in 50 years and because of a shortage in agricultural machinery, Russia's 1946 harvest was far below expectations.]

The aftereffects of war are not the only causes of reduced output and exports. Politics, more than war damage, has kept the oil and sugar of the East Indies out of world trade. Political considerations have prevented the normal shipment of food from eastern to western Germany. Drought has seriously affected the crops in Rumania, as well as in the Ukraine, and has reduced Australia's meat production. Greater prosperity in the regions not directly touched by the war—the Americas, the Antipodes, parts of the Middle East—has meant that more of what is produced at home is eaten at home. The United States, where food consumption is 15 percent above prewar levels, is the prime example of this tendency.

Demand without supply

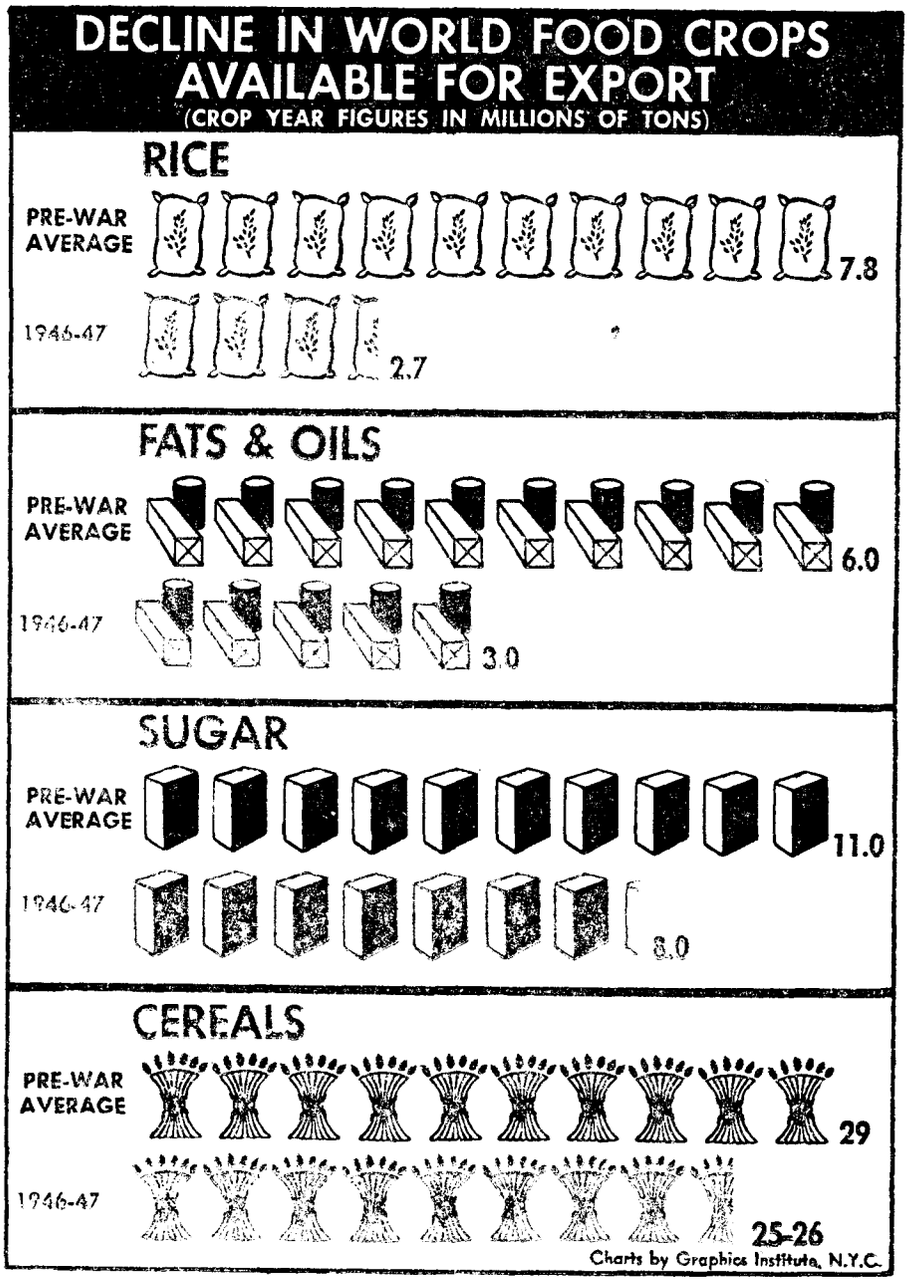
THE combination of war damage, drought, international politics and increased domestic consumption by the richer nations will cause world trade in food in 1946-47 to be much less than it was before the war at a time when it should be vastly greater. Approximately 2.7 million metric tons of rice will be exported as against a prewar 7.8 million. The figure for sugar is eight million tons against 11 million; for fats and oils, three million against six million; for cereals, 25 to 26 million tons against 29 million. Wheat exports from the United States and Canada are below even last season's figures. In the last half of 1945, 11 million tons were shipped from North America; in the second half of 1946, only seven million.

The strained conditions of world food trade have caused many European countries to use up their stocks too rapidly; even at the current low rationing rate, supplies may not last until the 1947 crops are harvested. The western zones of Germany, the urban regions of Austria, Rumania and Italy, may be as hungry this spring as they were in the famishing spring of 1946. Exhaustion of stocks, reduced production and minimum trade in food explain a world that is undernourished even by inadequate prewar standards and contains the threat of imminent starvation for millions in Central Europe and Southeast Asia.

After UNRRA, what?

SINCE the world food situation is so critical, the question of what is being done about it inevitably arises. The answer is, "Not enough."

The United States is driving to end UNRRA food shipments by March 31. The elaborate apparatus of the Emergency Famine Relief campaign has been dismantled and there is no sign it will be reconstituted. During the last two weeks the Department of Agriculture has made a commendable attempt to ob-



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tain wheat and flour for export to the UNRRA countries, but plans have still to be completed.

The American military, as an incident of occupation, will ship enough to maintain current rations at least in Germany and Austria. The State Department will request about $400 million from Congress for relief loans to Italy, Greece and Austria, and is now trying to realign UNRRA's budget to release more funds for food.

But there seems to be little future hope for Poland, Yugoslavia and southwestern Russia, now the recipients of UNRRA aid. Of course they, along with other erstwhile American allies in England and France, can obtain food from the United States, especially grain, if they pay for it. But since the United States has the dollars as well as the food, even the cynical remark, "We will give of our abundance, if the cash is first put on the barrelhead," is optimistic.

"The sins of the fathers . . ."

IN the considered opinion of the UN Food and Agricultural Organization, the United States is the only country that can alleviate the suffering in Europe. This would involve a willingness to lend or give money for another year on a fairly generous scale—perhaps $750 million. It might also involve a few mild regulatory measures to effect the export of dairy, fat and meat products which, plus expanded grain shipments, would carry Europe safely to the middle of 1947, when the new crops will start to come in. The temper of the country and of Congress makes such a program extremely unlikely. "We're going to visit Tito's sins upon anemic Yugoslav children," a Washington observer prophesied last week, "and we aren't even going to be openhanded with our friends."

Despite the refusal of the United States to help on a large scale, and despite this year's statistics, the outlook for the future is not entirely black. The 1946 harvest in most of Europe was encouragingly better than in 1945, though in that year imports were greater. In Southeast Asia, crops also are larger, though still below prewar levels. The worldwide recovery in food production should make the 1947-48 harvest, as the Agriculture Department report promised, approximately equal to that of 1938. This would be an encouraging prospect if more than half the world's population had not subsisted on less than 2,400 calories a day—the minimum for the maintenance of health—in that "normal" year.

The World Food Board

MACHINERY for solving the world's food crisis was established last week, when the Preparatory Commission of the Food and Agricultural Organization published its report. This commission of 17 nations grew out of the important FAO world food conference that was held at Copenhagen last September. Sir John Boyd Orr, the Director-General of the FAO, arrived at Copenhagen with instructions to exterminate that hardy but unlovely perennial, "poverty in the midst of plenty." He suggested a World Food Board designed to stabilize agricultural prices, prevent surpluses and shortages and make food available to needy countries. The board would buy on the open market when prices were low, and dispose of its food to countries that needed it at rates they could afford.

With the exception of UNRRA, whose powers were narrowly circumscribed, no stabilizing influence of the potential scope of Sir John's board has ever existed in time of peace. The smaller and poorer nations at Copenhagen were enthusiastic. Britain and the United States were cautious but the American Undersecretary of Agriculture, N. E. Dodd, approved the objectives of the World Food Board and suggested that a preparatory commission meet to consider the plan and related proposals.

Between the Copenhagen conference in September and the first meeting of the Preparatory Commission in October, the United States policy changed. Most informed observers agree that the State Department decided Dodd had wandered too far from the narrow faith in untrammeled private enterprise cherished by that department when he endorsed a board that would dabble in international commodity markets. Dodd opened the Preparatory Commission sessions with a negative speech that criticized the World Food Board plan and offered no constructive alternative. The speech blew the commission into a calm from which it never entirely recovered.

The British, the Hindus and the French subsequently dropped suggestions into the commission hopper. The British put forward a buffer-state scheme. The Hindus came out for a differential pricing system for international trade in food that only a Hindu Yogi could understand, but which might benefit India if one could figure out how it worked. The French were for a somewhat watered-down version of the WFB.

None of these proposals stirred the commission. Paradoxically, the United States restored the enthusiasm it had choked off earlier, when Undersecretary Dodd proposed a two-price system in the international food market. Under his proposal, food would be supplied at prices below the market level or even donated to countries afflicted by crop failure, and to those suffering chronic malnutrition, provided such countries undertook long-range programs of economic development. (It is not impossible that the December 10 Crop Report of the Department of Agriculture, which indicated that 1947 wheat production in the United States would be the greatest in history, had some influence in softening the American position.)

Starvation or sufficiency?

LAST week's report recommended a modified version of the original American two-price system, and also the more fundamental American proposal that participation in a world food program be on a voluntary basis. Rather than Sir John's omniscient World Food Board, the Preparatory Commission proposed a World Food Council with advisory powers only. The council could:

> Review commodity situations and initiate studies by representatives of interested governments, examine needs for new commodity agreements or other intergovernmental action, review operating and proposed commodity agreements from the viewpoint of food and agriculture, and aid the FAO director-general in preparing the agenda and material for the annual program review.

How close an advisory council without executive powers will come to attaining Sir John's long-range objectives, time alone can tell. If the "voluntary co-

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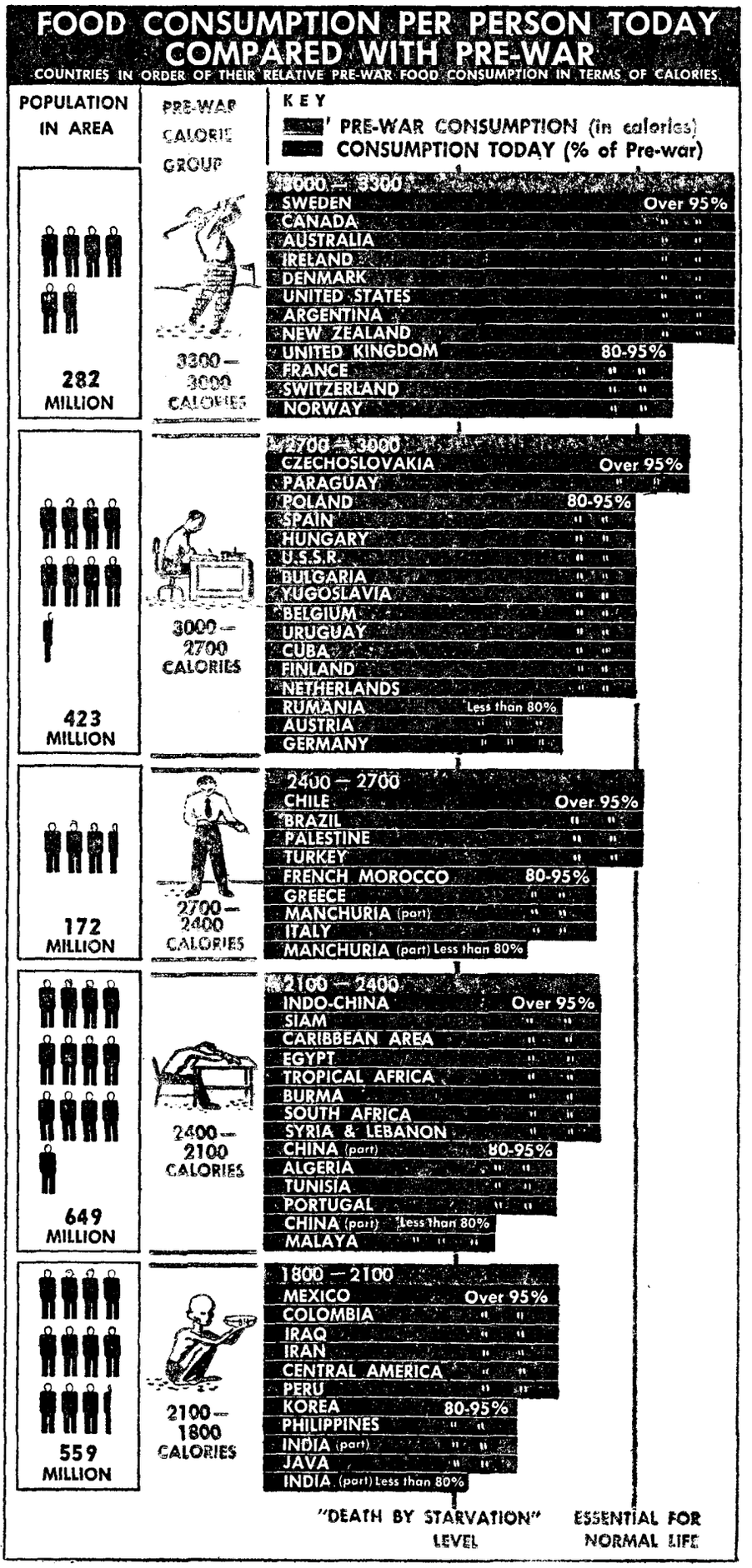
operation by participating nations" idea is used as an excuse to play politics with food, the hungry of the world had better take up their belts several notches and settle down for a long wait.

If, however, the report is implemented by action for the benefit of poorer countries and leads to the integration of agricultural programs among the FAO member nations, there will be grounds for hope. Arrangements of this sort do not require an elaborate administrative mechanism and can be consummated within a comparatively short time. Regular consultations of food ministers could establish an international clearing house for food problems. Export programs could be coördinated to prevent the once too familiar spectacle of each nation trying to out-subsidize and out-dump its neighbors. Under such an arrangement, a country planning to expand production of a particular commodity might find that another country had a surplus it wanted to sell. The continuing council and the annual conference of food ministers could, by utilizing the FAO staff, keep track of surplus and deficiency situations, inform the member nations about them and develop specific projects for solving them.

The US must decide

THE United States position within the FAO toward implementation of the Preparatory Commission's report will be decisive. The rest of the world, or at least the non-Russian part of it, will go along. International meetings, particularly those concerned with economic affairs, which the Russians seldom attend, follow a Gulliver-among-the-Lilliputians pattern—delegates of the smaller nations open their mouths only when they feel certain the United States will approve of their opinions. Because the United States has the money and the food, it also has the power of leadership.

That power can't breathe life into the white-ribbed corpses of Yugoslav babies. It can't nourish the average man, who doesn't exist, on statistics. But wisely applied to the facts rather than to some of the published figures on the situation, it can help farmers throughout the world obtain a fair return for their labor and consumers throughout the world obtain enough to eat.



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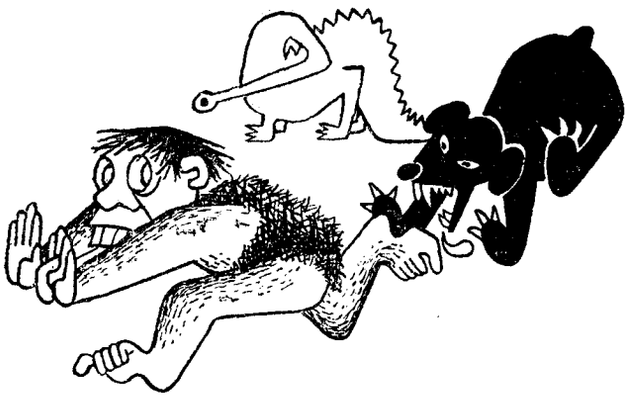
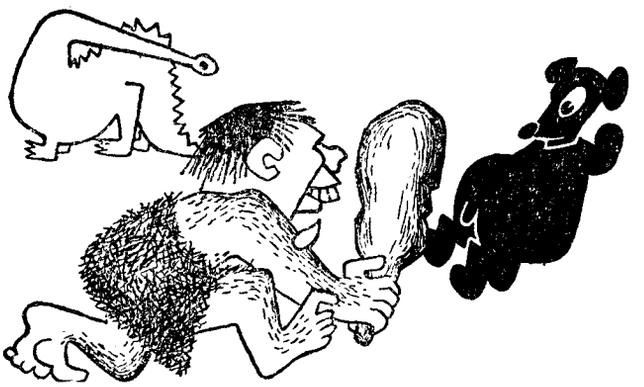
Visual Education—No. 2

History of Food as a Political Weapon



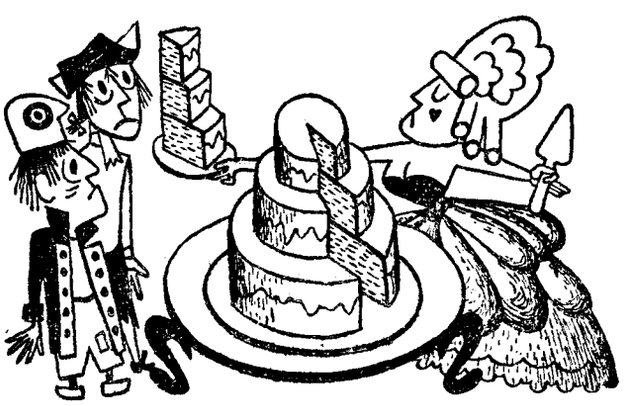
1 *Food discovers prehistoric man*



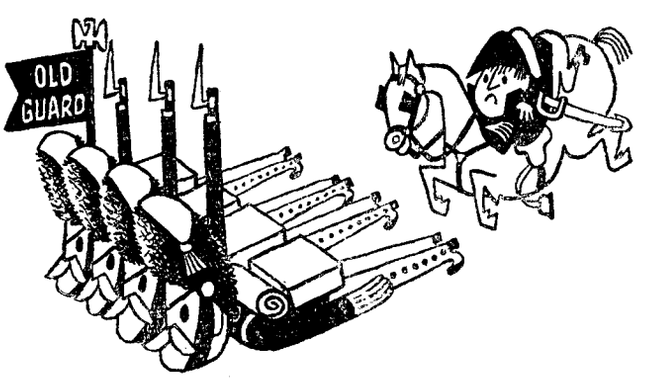
2 *Prehistoric man discovers food*

5 *Circa 1040, Macbeth eats crow for Banquo's Ghost*

6 *In the Middle Ages "singing" for supper became widespread*



9 *Marie Antoinette loses head over cake*



10 *Napoleon's army maneuvers on its stomach*

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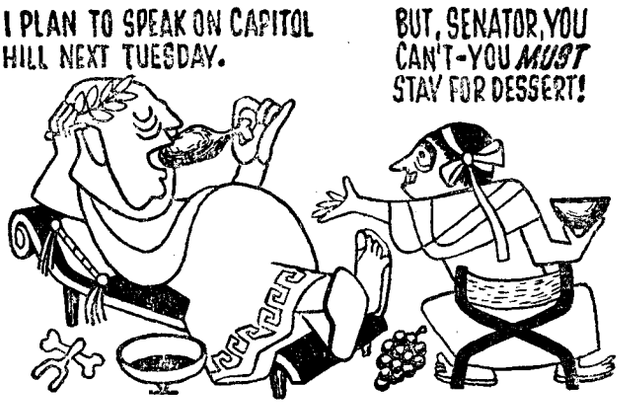
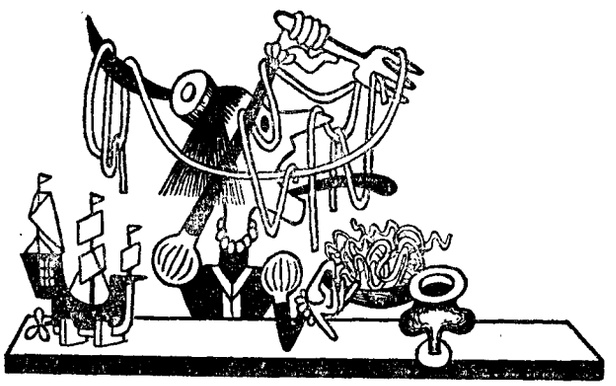
MAN'S unceasing ingenuity in harnessing various types of power to serve his ends is visible in many forms. Steam, gunpowder, gasoline, when forced into confined areas and released mechanically, are known to produce both benefits and woes—depending on the aims of those operating the controls.

Not quite so obvious, not equally utilitarian, is the type of force known as Political Pressure. Through the ages Food has been Man's most effective source of that kind of power. With careful manipulation it also produces benefits and woes. A brief historical demonstration of this application is outlined below.

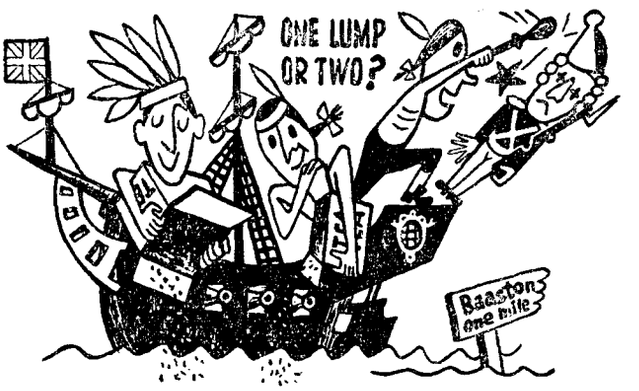
3 *Adam unleashes the apple*



4 *Romans invent the state banquet*

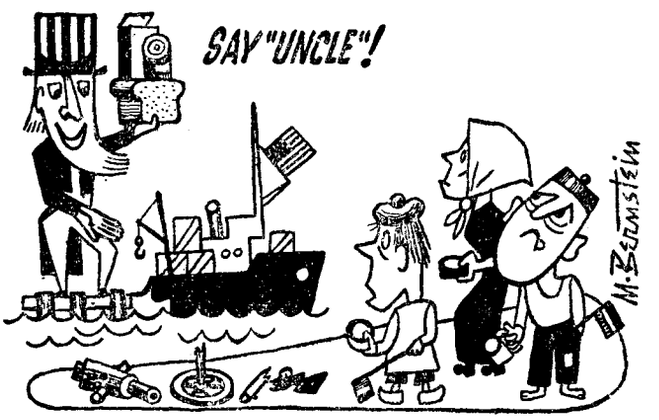


7 *First foreign entanglement—Marco Polo brings Spag Het from China*



8 *In 1773 Tea brews a tempest in Boston*

11 *Nineteenth-century empire builders stew in own juice*



12 *Twentieth-century refinements apply no-dough, no-bread formula*

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United Nations News

Border Trouble

AFTER some frantic last-minute preparations, the bulk of the UN Security Council's Balkan investigating commission sailed on the liner *America* last week equipped with international backing and complete camping gear. These men and women will need all the support and tact they can muster on their inquiry into who's making trouble where in the Balkans and why, and it is perhaps just as well they had Henry Modell to get them started. For Modell, who outfitted 20-odd members of the investigating commission, is an old hand at expeditions. Modell's Outdoor Stores have equipped members of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders, the Perry and Byrd expeditions and a list of miscellaneous travelers.

When it came to the UN group, Modell called on his veteran son for a first-hand roundup of climatic conditions in the Balkans. He put a full staff to work and personally supervised individual fittings. He equipped everyone with sleeping bags, first-aid kits, leather boots (rubber hardens in the cold), wool pants, leather greatcoats, sheep-lined helmets, sunglasses, thermos bottles and duffel bags. The group as a whole received eight Colman stoves ("Ernie Pyle said they were the most useful single piece of wilderness equipment," according to Modell), map cases, compasses and other sporting odds and ends. When it finally sailed, the commission had added two short-wave radio receiving sets, typewriters in various languages, powdered ink, toilet paper, soap and arm bands for everyone. Modell envisaged his clients as guerrilla pioneers "going to patrol the Grecian border" and he wanted them equipped for the emergencies that inevitably arise on border patrol.

If Modell was able to insulate the UN group against the rigors of the climate, there was little he could do about the situation under scrutiny. At its first meeting in Athens, the commission will be haunted by the age-old problem of Balkan rivalry, complicated as never before by big-power interests in a technologically modern world.

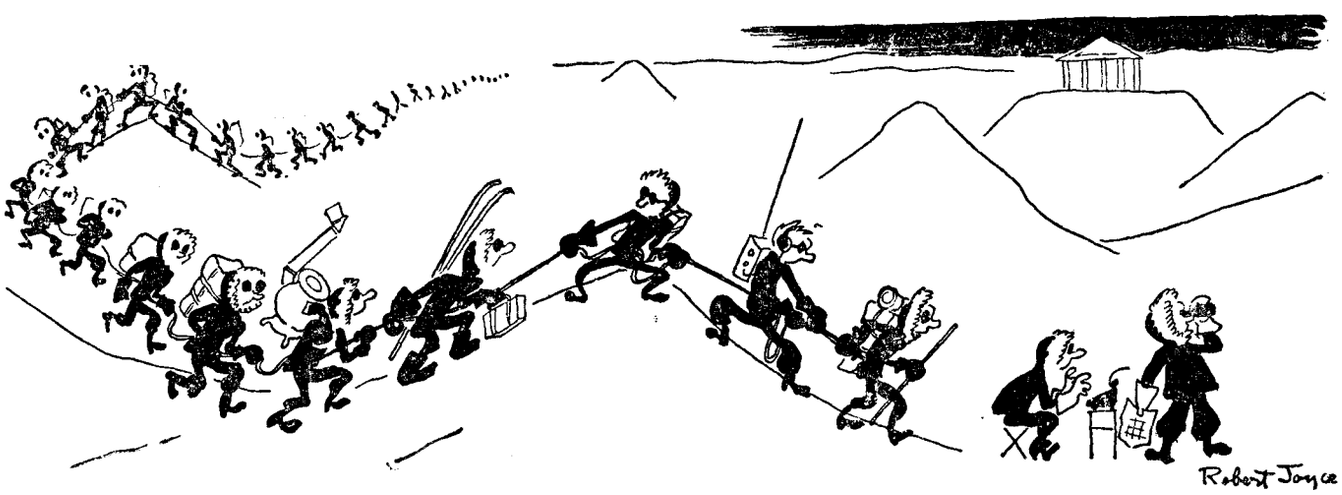
Before the Security Council, Greece has charged that Yugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria are sheltering "Greek fugitives from justice, and anarchists," training and using them to wage war against the Greek monarchist government. Greece's three opponents in the fight contend that the present Greek government is undemocratic and is kept in being by British military power, against the will of the people.

When the Security Council agreed, last month, to investigate the situation, it was admitting that no solution had been found so far; that certain facts must be decided first. At the same time the Council was confining itself to a dangerously narrow issue—border trouble in the Balkans and how to eliminate it.

Actually this is a result rather than a cause. Before World War II, Balkan governments operated with little regard for the popular will. They had a long tradition of oppression, personal gain and divisionary tactics. During the war these governments either collaborated with the Nazis or fled into exile. In either case they maintained their desire to get back into power. Subject always to the whims of foreign imperialism, promoters of economic regression and proponents of nationalistic rivalries, they existed because they had connived to prevent displacement.

WHEN the Germans invaded their lands, the people opposed them. And in their struggle they looked to Russia—partly because of Russia's war resistance against the Germans, partly because of racial and cultural ties, more because the Soviet Union had solved two of the most important problems current in Balkan countries: liquidation of the old ruling class and equality of nationalities in a federal unity system. World War II in the Balkans was both a resistance movement and a revolutionary movement. Since that time many have been disillusioned by political suppression in place of economic suppression. But Russia remains more the protective older brother than the wicked stepfather.

In Greece, Britain decided to fight. By tradition, Greece has been an empire outpost strategically, economically



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and politically. The United States has gone along with this policy, feeling that it is the best safeguard for oil in the Middle East and freedom for Western ideas and Western expansion elsewhere. There has never been much question about the real stakes: a Soviet desire to preserve her Eastern sphere of dominance pitted against a British desire to preserve the strings to the empire.

Any investigating commission must recognize the stakes. Its members will be dealing with liaison officials who are spokesmen for these stakes. Its members will be talking to representatives of various political factions who either fear to talk at all or fear to talk honestly. The observers themselves, who after all represent the member nations on the Security Council, necessarily go with preconceived beliefs. They go as nationals, not as internationals. Theirs is a difficult task which can be solved only by accepting the underlying stakes. They may need more than a Modell compass to find their way.

MEMBERS of the UN Secretariat have voted to form the Association of the Staff of the United Nations, an independent union committed to obtain wage increases. In connection with the union's aims it is worthwhile to note that salaries range from $1,350 for secretaries to $11,000 for department directors, tax free and subject to cost-of-living allowances. In the League of Nations the range was just about the same —$1,250 for local secretaries at the bottom of the scale and $12,500 for department directors. But times have changed and two problems confront the UN now: (1) how to pay its employees an adequate wage for living purposes and (2) how to compete with private industry. The crux of the problem goes back to the insistent demand to trim the budget—the Russians felt keenly the need to conserve at the recent General Assembly session. And the solution to this problem lies not in cutting budgets and salaries, but in training personnel so that the Secretariat itself can eventually be pared down to a group of competent experts. This will take time and the new Association of the Staff may do much to accomplish both better wages and better work.

JANE BEDELL

Labor

In Conference

THE United Steelworkers and US Steel approached their annual contract negotiations in Pittsburgh last week in an atmosphere almost reeking with sweet reasonableness and mutual good will. The acrimony and tension of 1946 had disappeared; at one point the union amiably agreed to a postponement of negotiations sought by the company, on the theory that both sides would benefit by delay. It remained to be seen whether the era of good feeling would continue after the steelworkers presented specific wage demands. These had not yet been formulated a couple of days before the bargaining sessions opened.

The steel negotiations were widely expected to set a "pattern" for contract settlements in other mass-production industries. Actually a "pattern" had probably been set, or could have been set, in CIO contracts already signed in the packinghouse industry and others for wage increases running around 10 percent. It was being set, apparently, in the general disposition of everybody to talk in terms of welfare funds, improved vacations and other "fringe" issues.

WILLIAM GREEN

Clearly enough, Philip Murray and the steelworkers didn't want another strike. Most of the industry spokesmen seemed equally ready to bargain peacefully toward "moderate" wage increases. But the applecart could be upset if industry started attacking union security or treating the Nathan report—the CIO's statistical argument for "average" 25-percent increases—disrespectfully. The union's strategy, after making its general arguments public, was to approach specific issues carefully. That didn't mean abandonment of the over-all objectives of better pay, stronger union-security clauses and a guaranteed annual wage.

The easiest way for unions and industry to influence Congress against drastic labor-relations bills, of course, is to settle their mutual problems this year without strikes. If both sides understand that, and industry can restrain its bitter-enders, labor relations in 1947 might hold a fairly even keel.

THIS week the AFL executive council opens its annual midwinter meeting in the warmth and comfort of Miami, where William Green, John L. Lewis and Big Bill Hutcheson of the carpenters will have a chance to denounce pending anti-labor laws.

Green opened fire with his heavy guns even before the executive council meeting. Addressing the US Conference of Mayors in Washington, the AFL president warned that union-busting measures would "only drive labor to the Left." It was impossible, Green stated, to hope for industrial peace from the "ill considered, oppressive" bills now pending before Congress, which "ignore the basic causes of strikes."

This is the second time Green has publicly stated that anti-labor laws would force workers, inevitably, into a socialist political movement. Congressmen who ignore the statement probably do not recall that the Trade Disputes Act in Britain, passed after the great

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General Strike, simply infuriated workers and gave them a target against which to direct their wrath. The act was never really enforced even by Tories and it was repealed last year by the Labor Government.

On the AFL agenda at Miami, in addition to consideration of labor legislation, are reports from delegations to Germany and Argentina. William L. Doherty, who visited Germany for the federation, is expected to recommend a lot more assistance by our occupying authorities to old-line German trade-union elements. This may tie in with the recent George Meany-Matthew Woll charge that American authorities are fostering German labor affiliation with the World Federation of Trade Unions, which the AFL doesn't like because it accepts the Russians and the CIO.

The delegation to Argentina may not return in time for a full report to the executive council. Its job is to find out whether the Peron government is a fascist outfit that suborns unions by tossing them paternalistic benefits or merely a typical Latin American dictatorship which at least does something for the worker.

PORTAL PAY. – The AFL has attacked portal-to-portal pay suits by CIO unions. But a suit filed in Milwaukee asks back portal pay for AFL workers at the Milwaukee Solvay Coke Company. Attorneys for the workers are Padway and Goldberg, of which Joseph Padway, chief AFL counsel, is a member. Several compromise settlements of portal-pay claims have been made by John L. Lewis' District 50, affiliated with the AFL. And AFL as well as CIO lawyers testified against the Wiley and Capehart bills to outlaw such claims.

While peace between the AFL and the CIO seemed still distant at top levels of the union bureaucracies, a functional unity on a limited local basis was announced in Chicago. AFL and CIO spokesmen, plus another from a railroad brotherhood, met last week to discuss joint action against labor bills. William Lee, president of the Chicago Federation of Labor, and Michael Mann, secretary of the CIO Industrial Union Council, helped work out the agreement.

WILLARD SHELTON

Farm

Two Towns

LARGE-SCALE, big-business, corporation, absentee-ownership farming is like a rotten apple that ruins the whole barrel. It not only rots the people on the land but ruins those who are dependent on the people who work the land. While it may produce big food and fiber crops, it ruins the boy and girl crops in small towns and on the farm because it makes it difficult for anybody but a rich farmer to have a home. And a home is pretty important. According to the song, even a boll weevil needs one.

The bad effects of large-scale farming were proved by a report recently released by Senator James E. Murray's Small Business Committee. The study tells the story of two farming communities. And if you do not realize the respective effects of large-scale and small-scale farming on people, here is the evidence.

THE TOWNS, Arvin and Dinuba, lie in California's Central Valley. They are similar in size and equidistant from cities, highways and railroads. The farmers in both communities grow specialty crops requiring large amounts of labor. Both towns have about the same volume of agricultural production. Farm income in Dinuba in 1940 equaled $2.5 million; in Arvin $2.4 million. Both areas have about the same climate, the same type of soil, the same kind of native population, the same history—except that Dinuba is a little older. As far as agricultural resources are concerned, the two communities are as alike as peas in a pod.

In Arvin, the large-farm community (population, 7,400), the average farm is 497 acres (nine times as large as in the small-farm community); 42 percent of the cropland is in seven farms alone; two-thirds of it is in 22 farms. The principal crops in order of their importance are fruit and grapes (36 percent); cotton and other row crops (41 percent); forage crops (17 percent); other intensive crops (six percent). In Arvin 80 percent of the population is dependent on wage labor. Two-thirds of the farm owners do not live in the community.

As you enter Arvin you see a small business district, about two blocks long, composed of low stucco buildings and service stations. The side streets are entirely unpaved, there are no sidewalks and the houses are crowded so close together that in some sections half of them front on alleys. There is an atmosphere of squalidness and dilapidation about the town. There is only one park (loaned by a corporation) and the yards and streets are poorly kept. Outside the town there is a large distance between the farmhouses, but near each farmhouse there are labor camps of from four to 20 separate dwelling units.

Lack of civic pride characterizes the people here. Civic affairs are carried on by a county government which takes little interest in the local community. One resident who became alarmed at the rise in juvenile delinquency tried to find out why no money had been spent for playground equipment and discovered that none had ever been asked for. There are few civic organizations in Arvin and only one elementary school, which has a high turnover in teachers. Few of the teachers live in the town. Many of the owners confessed they only lived there to make a "killing" and get out, and they go to nearby cities for their recreation.

The farm laborers are even less permanent. One woman said, "I've lived here nine years but I've never felt permanent." A minister said, "This is the worst town I ever saw."

IN DINUBA, the small-farm community (population, 6,200), the average farm is 57 acres; 94 percent of the farms are under 160 acres and very few are in the upper brackets. Seventy-five percent of the farms are owner-operated and only 29 percent of the work is done by hired labor.

In the Dinuba area more land is in orchards and vineyards and not nearly so much is in row crops. In order of

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importance the crops are similar to those in Arvin: fruit and grapes (65 percent); row crops (11 percent), forage crops (19 percent); other intensive crops (five percent).

Driving into Dinuba from any direction, you approach the business section through wide, well paved, tree-lined streets, flanked by rows of substantial buildings. The business section is made up of brick buildings two stories high and giving the appearance of stability and prosperity. There is little crowding and no so-called poor section. The characteristic single-family lot in Dinuba is 50 or more feet wide, running all the way to the alley.

In the open country, you find that the farm homes are scattered evenly over the area, with few units at any great distance from any neighbor, while the crowded aspect of the labor camp is rarely found.

THE investigators of the Small Business Committee found many other striking differences in the two towns. In Dinuba there were twice as many people with college degrees or high-school diplomas as in Arvin; twice as many churches; three times as much spent on agricultural supplies; four times as much spent on clothing, sporting goods and jewelry. Retail trade in the small-farm area totaled $4.3 million and in Arvin only $2.5 million.

In Dinuba there is a strong city government which is a real influence on the life of the town. In contrast to the inadequate school system of Arvin, Dinuba has three elementary schools, a modern high school and a low turnover in teachers.

These two towns prove that a small-farm community is a good place to live in and that a large-farm one is not. When a farmer owns 50 acres they make a home for him and his children, but when he owns a 2,000-acre farm it becomes a money-making factory and deprives 39 other families of real homes. It boils down to this. Is it better to have 39 wage-labor families with no homes and one owner who only wants to make a killing, or to have 40 families living on 50-acre farms making good livings and providing good homes for their children?

ANGUS McDONALD

Music

No Dancing at Dixon's

THE Joe Mooney quartet was discovered by *Down Beat's* Mike Levin several months ago, playing in a tavern or something out in Jersey. Whether or not it should have stayed there is a matter of some conjecture. The more vocal, or pro-Mooney, school, through the medium of trade magazines and press releases, maintains that Mooney represents the last word in the avant-garde of popular music. Hoping for something even mildly revolutionary, I went to hear the band the other night at Dixon's (West Fifty-second Street, New York City), which tries to justify ridiculous prices with pretentious atmosphere and Joe Mooney. For me, it was not a good investment, although most of the other patrons seemed to consider it as sound as AT&T.

The quartet consists of clarinet, guitar, string bass and accordion, the latter capably handled by Mooney, who doubles on piano and sings too. Individually, the musicians know their business. Mooney in particular does an admirable job of using his accordion as a background instrument, and plays some interesting things now and then. The band's collective effort results in pleasant dance music, which is wasted because you can't dance at Dixon's. The arrangements are in good taste and show an occasional spark of imagination. I liked the slow, sentimental tunes the best. It seemed to me that they were handled with feeling and the right amount of dignity.

However, it beats me if there's anything else to say. Mooney's nice little quartet didn't impress me as anything more than a nice little quartet, and I think that he would be coming much closer to his idiom if they allowed dancing at Dixon's and did something to destroy the self-conscious silence that falls over the joint when the group starts to play. After all, it's not the Philharmonic. Mooney records for Decca. Out-of-towners may disagree with me after hearing some of his disks. At least, when you play his records, you can roll up the rugs, and the corner liquor store doesn't have a minimum charge when you buy a jug.

HOT JAZZ in its purest form has never made much of a dent on big-time radio. It can be heard on local stations all over the country, where the taste of an individual disk jockey (usually bad; notable exception—Fred Robbins, WOV, New York) will determine the amount of jazz played. However, there was no telling whether small-band jazz would have sufficient appeal to rate a network show, for the simple reason that it had never been tried.

Last week, Mutual took the big step when it presented a condensed history of New Orleans jazz on a program called "For Your Approval" (Saturdays, 5 p.m.), which gives a possible show to the listening audience, whose response determines whether the show returns to the air. I heard the program and got a great kick out of the music. This was almost unavoidable, since the talent included Max Kaminsky, Georg Brunis, Albert Nicholas, Baby Dodds and a wonderful honky-tonk pianist named Lucky Roberts, who was new to me and a very pleasant surprise. You don't hear that fine, bouncing style much these days.

The idea for the show was conceived by Rudi Blesh, whose book *Shining Trumpets* made an excellent impression on jazz people. He knows the program's faults far better than I. But as a listener, I was acutely aware of a sloppy production job. This, and the fact that the show's emphasis on the New Orleans style didn't give it sufficient variety, constitute its main flaws. I might add that the script was somewhat overpedantic. Classroom jazz is not for the average listener. But these are all minor details that can be fixed up without too much trouble. The idea is fine—the music is terrific. I hope the show clicks. If you feel the same way, you might drop Mutual a line.

CHARLES MILLER

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Books

To the Left

THE FACT that radicalism is deeply rooted in American history has too often been forgotten by both the Right and the Left. The chief merit of Charles A. Madison's *Critics and Crusaders* (Holt, $3.50) is that the author has shown with a wealth of detail how integral a part of our history this tendency has always been.

Beginning with the Abolitionists and ending with the Socialists of the early decades of this century, Madison has told his story through the personalities of the major movements of what he calls "a century of American protest." His somewhat arbitrary plan is to preface each section of the book with a brief account of the background of a movement and then proceed to essays on three of its representative figures. Thus "The Socialists" includes a summary of American socialism, with its native elements and European antecedents, and accounts of Daniel De Leon, Eugene Victor Debs and John Reed.

Portrait by Gregor Duncan

EUGENE VICTOR DEBS

The virtues of such a method of presentation, as the author realizes, are largely negative. "The choice was governed by limitations of space and the pattern of organization. . . . These individual studies of critics and crusaders . . . were undertaken in an attempt to depict and reëvaluate our social progress of the past century without the rigor and formality of impersonalized history." Even accepting his own frame of reference, one sometimes questions Madison's choices. George Ripley, for example, who receives only passing mention and is not named in the index, is as important as Albert Brisbane, to whom a chapter of twenty pages is devoted. William D. Haywood and William Z. Foster may in the perspective of history occupy larger places in the development of socialism than De Leon or John Reed. And if an entire section of the book is devoted to the anarchists, why not an equal amount of space to the labor militants in which such leaders as William H. Sylvis of the National Labor Union and John Mitchell of the United Mine Workers would receive their due? Above all, it is to be hoped that Madison will supplement the present volume with a systematic history of American radicalism —the ideas and the movements. "Impersonalized history" can be exciting as well as rewarding.

But the cast of characters Madison has assembled is a rich one that includes both famous and little known figures. The careers and ideas of men like John Brown and Thoreau are familiar, but it is probable that Madison will be introducing Benjamin R. Tucker, a pioneer American anarchist, and De Leon to even well informed readers.

If radicalism is an integral part of our history, it is also true that it has never been the major current. Rather it has operated as a leaven on the prevailing laissez-faire, capitalistic, middle-class civilization that is modern America. It has influenced Jacksonian democracy, the early Republican Party, the various waves of agrarian revolt that went beyond party boundaries, and the reforms of the New Freedom and the New Deal. But none of the eighteen men and women to whom separate chapters of *Critics and Crusaders* are given has entered the pantheon of national heroes. Abraham Lincoln who "freed the slaves" —not Wendell Phillips who fought for their freedom when Lincoln was indifferent to the moral issue of slavery; Theodore Roosevelt—"the trust-buster"—not Debs who exposed the shallowness of the Rooseveltian rhetoric: these are the names that adorn our public statues, our holidays and our textbooks.

Madison ends his story in the 1920's: Debs is dead and the Socialist Party on its way to futility; the infant Communist movement riddled with faction and saddled with dogma. In a cautious "Final Note" he lists the CIO and its affiliates as manifesting "a radical temper." Skeptical of the ability of big business "to seek a satisfactory working arrangement with labor," he predicts that government will probably "be forced to take over and operate the basic industries. . . . Whether the latter solution will lead to state socialism, a modified fascism or a liberalized communism is for the future to determine."

Vital in that determination will be the role of American radicalism. Upon its leavening influence will depend the shape of our future. And upon its quality the moral atmosphere of tomorrow. One can only hope that quality will be in the nature of the best of our traditions as expressed by Debs when he said, "Years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one bit better than the meanest on earth. I said then, and I say now, that while there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while

Culver Service

JOHN BROWN

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Drawing by Lynd Ward

JOHN REED IN MEXICO, 1914

there is a soul in prison, I am not free."

This could have been the motto of most of Madison's heroes. There were giants in the land!

GEORGE MAYBERRY

Dead End of War

BEFORE the war, Alfred Hayes was known as a poet of an energetic, lyrical style, the originality of which derived from the experience he brought to poetry rather than any contribution to its technique. His first novel, *All Thy Conquests* (Howell, Soskin, $2.75), based on his service with the American Army in Italy, is a satisfying adaptation of his methods to a new subject matter. It is not concerned with the story of any one individual for, and quite naturally, individual experience tended to get submerged in the dark, fluid presence of Rome, from the first day of liberation, when the American soldiers were greeted with flowers, cheers and kisses, on into the days when the best of nearly everything in the historic city became the playthings of British and American officers, while the back streets, the dingy bars and brothels were left for the hurried soldiers on furlough.

Not that Hayes is directly preoccupied with either Rome or history. It is the spoken language of people that provides him with an approach to events and in exploring the emotions and inner reactions the words reveal, he makes a partial discovery of both Rome and history as they are manifested in concrete facts or personal experience. We get the people of Rome, rich, poor, stupid, intelligent, depraved or virtuous, with the attributes they have in common, the accumulated self-consciousness of ages and a critical awareness of life and society that strips their character down to a pristine simplicity as impoverishment reduces their concerns to the most elementary human necessities. All about them, however, are the dead monuments of a great past, which are, like the future, in the hands of their liberators. So that history becomes irony and their native language becomes wit, the last possession of the dispossessed. Hayes fashions a scintillating, tragi-comic chorus from the talk of a group of starving, jobless Romans who loiter about the Colosseum, commenting on the antics of the liberators and their own ragged, impotent plight. "We are liberated," one of them says in a mock oration. "We have been liberated from cigarettes, shoes, meat, gasoline and our women." "Tell me, Baldini," asks another, "Do you pray?" "Me, I pray." "For what?" "That worse shouldn't happen."

IF WIT is the adjustment of those who are in complete possession of themselves and their desires and nothing else, the American wisecrack is an adjustment to precisely the opposite predicament. The Americans whom Hayes describes likewise have attributes in common, namely those derived from a high and rapidly developed material consciousness which has outstripped self-consciousness to such an extent that, when it becomes a historic force organizing armies and ruling countries, it creates so huge a gap between the functions of those who wear its uniforms and their actual human identities as to produce similar, but inverted, consequences of emotion and speech. "By God, they were glad to see you," a soldier reflects on the first day of liberation. "The *liberatori*, that's what you were, a jerk from Hartford, a *liberatori*." "Look," says a captain in an alcoholic outburst, "I'm a guy off the street. I'm nobody from Nowhere, North Dakota. Who are they kidding—me running Europe? I can't even run myself."

Between the opening description of a trapped Fascist murderer and the final narration of his destruction at the hands of the infuriated populace, Hayes relates a number of significant incidents in the lives of representative Americans and Italians which are connected solely by the rhythmic impetus of the style and the unity of time and place into which they fit like a mosaic. A lively imagination and a strong, compassionate and subtle sensibility make his episodes and characters forceful and authentic. Even so, vital pieces of the mosaic are missing and the novel conceals a basic frustration of thought—abstract, systematic thought which would have located the only meanings that could organically unify a novel of human beings overwhelmed by political and historical circumstances. Since the extirpation of fascism is a minor theme by the very nature of the subject matter, its use to frame the other events is an artful but unconvincing stratagem. By failing to search out the real problem, by burying intelligence and insight in the warmth of human sympathy, the author sets in motion a process of distortion which affects every facet of the novel: style, form, selectivity. Despite these defects, *All Thy Conquests* remains one of the few war novels that rise sufficiently close to the height of its occasion to make its inadequacies worth serious consideration.

WILLIAM FOSTER

Franco: Guilty

NEXT TO Neville Chamberlain, there is no Englishman whose name calls up more unhappy associations with the spirit of Munich and the almost fatal appeasement of fascist aggressors than Sir Samuel Hoare, now Viscount Templewood. To go down in history associated with the most unspeakable of modern traitors as co-author of the pro-Mussolini Hoare-Laval agreement is hardly a pleasant fate, but it seemed as inescapably logical as it was that Sir Samuel should have been selected as Britain's wartime ambassador to Franco. Here, in truth, appeared to be the most natural association of international friends readily conceivable. It happened, however, that Hoare, though he had been a hidebound Tory, ally of Chamberlain and supporter of so-called "non-

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intervention" in the Spanish civil war, was also an honest man, and what he saw in Spain shocked him.

Now, as the first of what are to be several volumes of his memoirs, he has written an account of his mission to Spain, called in this country *Complacent Dictator* (Knopf, $3.50), and, because of its source and its indignation, it is the most damning indictment of the Franco dictatorship that has yet appeared. To an American, I think the most disconcerting thing about the book is the manner in which this frankly reactionary Englishman, of unshakable conservative tendencies, comes out of the ordeal of representing his country and the fate of embattled democracy at the court of the Spanish fascist leader so much more courageously and decently than did our own representative, the presumably liberal and enlightened scholar, Carlton J. H. Hayes. Let us look, for example, at Hoare's farewell salute to Franco near the close of *Complacent Dictator*:

> This was the man who at every critical moment in the course of the war had publicly insulted the Allies. I could not forget his speeches: how he had sneered at Mr. Churchill for selling the British Empire for 50 American destroyers; how he had gloated over our defeats in Greece and the successes of German aviation in sinking British ships; how he had threatened the United States with German attacks and told the Americans that their intervention in the war was criminal madness; how he had insisted that the Allies had lost the war and that the Germans were the saviors of Europe; how he had promised that if Berlin were ever in danger, a million Spaniards would bar the way to the enemy; how he had boasted that the totalitarian regimes had proved their invincibility for war and peace alike, and that Spanish non-belligerency did not mean Spanish neutrality.

From Franco's Black Spain. *Drawings by Luis Quintanilla; text by Richard Watts Jr. (Reynal and Hitchcock, $3.50)*

In view of the American ambassador's benevolent contemplation of the Caudillo, the Briton's unsparing appraisal is particularly refreshing. Apologists for Franco always have two answers to the charge of hostility to the Allied cause, but Hoare will accept neither of them. The first and most plaintive is that the Spanish dictator always was really our friend, but that he had to pretend he was sympathetic to Hitler because of the peril of a German invasion. Hoare says testily that this is nonsense. The insults that Franco heaped upon the Allies and their representatives and his constant obeisance before the Nazis were the result, Hoare is convinced, not of political necessity, but of frank conviction, expressed with characteristic arrogance.

The second, and more convincing, defense of the dictator is that, although his sympathies may have been against us, he deserves our gratitude for keeping fascist Spain from open warfare on the side of his ideological friends. Sir Samuel realizes the extent of the damage that Franco's active belligerency might have done to the Allied cause, but he was in a position to see that it was not friendliness or decency of spirit that kept the Spanish fascists from going to the military assistance of Hitler and Mussolini. What kept them out was an extremely lucky combination of fear, cupidity and weakness.

Despite his arrogance and complacency, Franco was cautious to the point of timidity, and, for all his loudly expressed conviction that the Nazis would win the war, he was always just a bit uncertain about it. Hoare is convinced that he wanted to enter the battle when he was absolutely sure that victory was in sight, but the melancholy plight of Mussolini, who was certain he had waited for just the right moment, was a warning to him. Then, there was the matter of the thieves falling out. All of the fascist partners wanted to be sure of their loot, and, when the outlook

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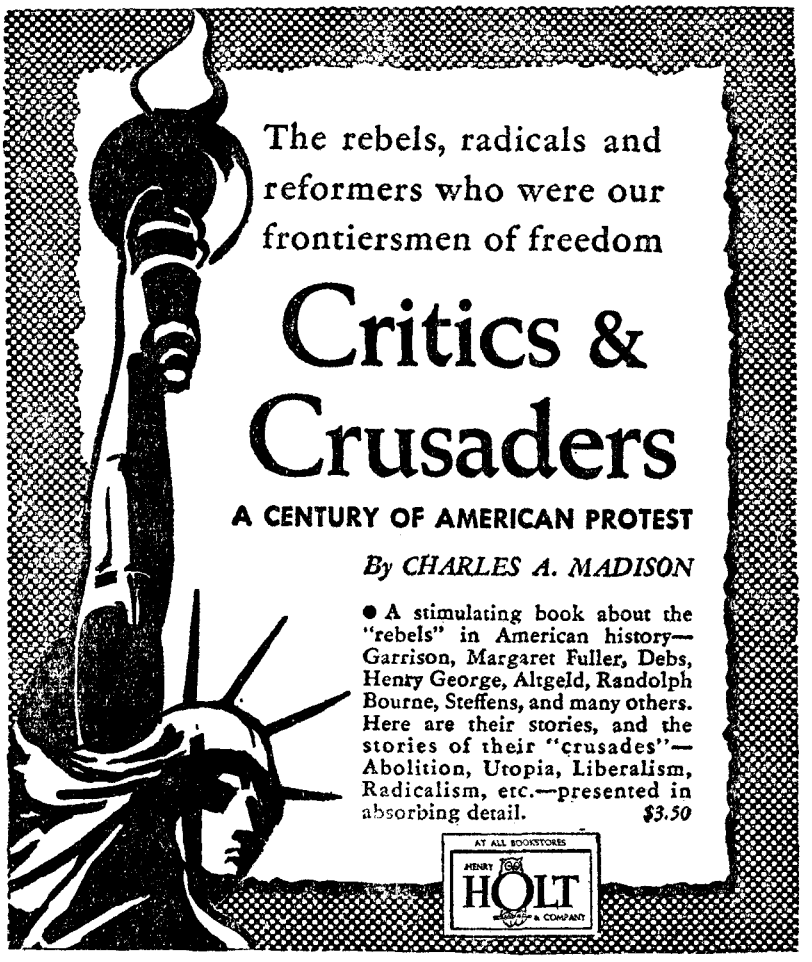
seemed good for Germany, Hitler was averse to giving Franco too much leeway in North Africa, while, when Spanish aid was important, Franco's price went up. Even though the argument over the division of the spoils made agreement between the bandits difficult, it was, in the end, the Caudillo's timidity, the continued Allied resistance, the reluctance of the Spanish people and the physical weakness of Spain that brought continued peace.

SIR SAMUEL learned a lot in Spain, but he remained a reactionary, filled with suspicion of Spanish democracy to the end, and it is hard for him to accept all the implications of that matter of physical weakness. He is, however, an honest enough reporter to give evidence that makes the matter clear: it was the heroic resistance of the Spanish Loyalists, despite their betrayal by the Western democracies, which more than any other factor kept Franco from active support of the dictators who had brought him to power. Because they fought valiantly and desperately to the end, the power of fascism in their country was so weakened that it lacked the strength to go to war so long as any real fighting was required. Hoare wrote to Halifax in 1940, "Most of the skilled workmen of the country are either dead or in prison." At one point he expresses doubt that the Spanish Republic ever was a bulwark of democracy, but his factual evidence proves that it was, in the most literal sense, a bulwark to the ungrateful democracies of Britain, France and the United States.

Judged purely as a literary work, *Complacent Dictator* is a striking achievement. Its portraits of Franco, Serrano Suñer, Jordana, Beigbeder and other hierarchs of Spanish fascism are vivid and memorable, and the writing is lucid, dramatic and frequently biting. Then, too, there is something engaging about an ambassador who, in writing to his chief, can compare Serrano Suñer to a Stendhal character. The book's chief importance, though, is that, even through the eyes of such a witness, it proves how right were those who insisted that the cause of the Spanish Republic was the cause of world democracy.

RICHARD WATTS JR.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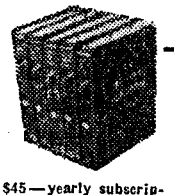

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Movies

Techniques: New and Old

ROBERT MONTGOMERY is currently appearing in "Lady in the Lake," a picture you will probably want to see and which you are certainly going to hear about. It's an adaptation of another of Raymond Chandler's novels about Phillip Marlowe, the hard-pressed private detective who has been variously portrayed by Dick Powell ("Murder, My Sweet"), George Montgomery ("The High Window") and Humphrey Bogart ("The Big Sleep"). Chandler's dialogue screens with wonderful conviction and, except for a few small lapses, Robert Montgomery plays it as Chandler wrote it.

"Lady in the Lake," then, is a first-rate thriller with one of Hollywood's best craftsmen in the thick of it, but that isn't what is going to cause all the talk. They've used a new technique in the film which you haven't seen before and which you won't be able to make up your mind about for quite a while. It goes like this:

Montgomery opens the show by introducing himself directly to the audience in a curtain speech which contains the fascinating statement that sometimes "a case crawls up to you on its hands and knees" and that you may then "find yourself in it up to your neck." Having put the ball in play with this intriguing image, Montgomery then practically disappears from the picture. You see his reflection in mirrors, you see bits of him from time to time—a leg or an arm, a hand opening a door, in one case a pair of hands clawing painfully at the road after a car accident. The point is that Marlowe's eyes have become your eyes and you see what he sees. When people speak to him they look directly at you, and when he stands or sits or moves around, your field of vision moves with him. This effect, while novel and at times exciting, is also nerve-wracking, and it keeps you from identifying yourself with the hero. I didn't for a moment think I was seeing what Montgomery saw or that anyone was pouring whiskey over *me* to frame *me* on a drunken-driving rap, or that I was kissing the girl. The big clinch scene is going to be a litle rough on the women in the audience, however much the men may relish it. The whole idea comes off fairly well, but it needs to be worked on some more and it needs a lot of audience conditioning.

In addition to Montgomery, Jayne Meadows, Lloyd Nolan and Tom Tully turn in good performances. The main girl, who uses up most of the footage, is something else again. She is magazine-cover beautiful, but what she knows about acting could be quickly told. I realize that all actresses have to start some time, but if this new sensation, whose name is Audrey Totter, isn't careful, she is going to end up as the undisputed mistress of the double-take. I doubt if Miss Totter is capable of saying "No" without shaking her head, and when she is either shocked or surprised she opens her eyes wide enough for you to fall right into them. The sensation, I realize to my sorrow, may be pleasant to some.

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY is what is called light entertainment and the audience loves it. Within five minutes, it becomes evident that this is no biting satire, but only fun of a very mild variety. Whether 20th Century-Fox intended or not, and I suspect they didn't, "The Late George Apley" is a pleasant travesty, not of Boston, but of J. P. Marquand. The picture isn't much like the posthumous papers of the noble stuffed shirt Marquand was writing about, nor very much like the play that was running on Broadway last season. It is what movies always become when they're neither real fantasy nor real flesh and blood—clean and sweet and gently puzzling.

As you know, "Apley" is about Boston, and the director, Joseph Mankiewicz has tried, I think as sincerely as he could, to create a true picture of that city in 1912 and of a "nice" family that represented its solid, solvent, careful society. He quite properly uses the Apley house and a few selected locales to do that. I don't think that old Philadelphia houses, with which I am familiar, can have differed essentially from old Boston houses. They had a rigid arrangement of rooms, and an almost energetic, all-pervading gloom. Wood was polished and windows shone through the ceaseless routine of ancient maids and wax-works butlers, but the effect, as Mankiewicz should know, was never light or cheerful. Houses affect people and the house the Apleys live in affects them. Everything from Father's time to George's stays so miraculously bright, new and clean that the generations romp through life like a pack of over-privileged children.

There was an opportunity here to show the lives of a family group as dark and narrow and fruitless as it probably was, but in this film bitterness is hidden as in Boston they cover a décolletage with a bit of tulle. Ronald Colman as George is so startlingly handsome and so preposterously stiff that when he hints at a smile, or winks, as he sometimes does in a spirit of deviltry, he is terribly effective. Everybody in the cast, in fact, is good if not quite alive. The best parts are played by Paul Harvey as Julian Dole, who is "in trade" and "beyond the pale," and has other delightful traits; by Vanessa Brown as the supposedly plain Agnes, who is inexplicably in love with the Apley heir; and by Percy Waram, who as Uncle Roger quietly sees his life as it is and drinks his way through it.

I WAS eager to see a good Western, since I had missed "My Darling Clementine," which my scouts reported very good indeed, so I spent a long afternoon watching "California." It shouldn't happen to you. Three of the best performers in the state of California—Barbara Stanwyck, Ray Milland and Barry Fitzgerald—were stopped cold in their tracks. "California" was written and directed by a man named John Farrow. I kept thinking of a phrase W. Mizner used once in describing some of the more irritating workers in the Hollywood vineyards. It was something about "the persistency of the uninspired."

SHIRLEY O'HARA

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Theatre

Rainbow and Sweethearts

THE FIRST half-hour of "Finian's Rainbow" (at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre; book by E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy; music and lyrics by Burton Lane and E. Y. Harburg) promises a piece of theatre that would leave most musical shows far behind. At that it does leave most such shows a long way behind—though the plot thickens, the coyness at times swells to the limit and toward the end there are some lengthy and rather tedious solutions of the story. The fact remains that a lot of "Finian's Rainbow" has a fresh and endearing quality to it and that some of the scenes are delightful, with unusual playing, unusual singing and a very inventive décor. If it all were as good as the first scenes with Ella Logan and Albert Sharpe, it would make us prick up our ears with a vengeance.

The plot has a combination of Irish wildness with Southern extravagance and warmth. Albert Sharpe, who is the complete Irishman of the tale, so happy is his playing, has stolen a pot of gold belonging to the leprechauns. The daughter, Ella Logan, has come with this Irishman to the state of Missitucky, where a tobacco plantation flourishes in great picturesqueness and juleps are drunk and Southern Senators ramp and roar. A leprechaun appears; he has followed the pot, for without it his wishing powers will be lost. And so then the daughter falls in love with a local swain and the leprechaun falls in love with a girl who cannot speak. All ends well and the Irish dreamer goes his way.

The translation of the Irish fantasy, the leprechaun and the magic, to the Southern scene gives a chance for two very happy inventions. One is that the wishing by the pot suddenly turns the rabid, Bilbcish Senator into a black man, in whom the sense of brotherhood, joy, song and happiness is so strong that he never wants to go back to his former state. The other is that the thought of gold wins a vast department-store credit for the plantation. This opens the way

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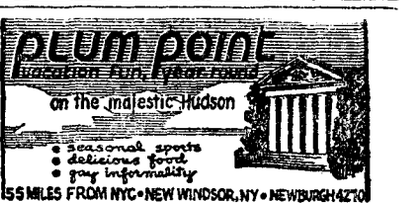
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for a costume display, as mad as a hatter and in many cases decorative or witty or even roaringly funny.

David Wayne plays a leprechaun that is a hit from the start to finish, very promising in a serious sense as well. And I thought Ella Logan's singing, especially of the "How Are Things in Glocca Morra?" was often very absorbing, real ballad singing in the Scots style, excellent legato and on the key. Jo Mielziner's elaborate settings had much applause, especially the sliding front curtains with their upright designs of tree trunks or whatever they were.

STARK YOUNG

A LOVER of Victor Herbert songs will do better to sit home with an album than to spend an evening in the Schubert seeing "Sweethearts." A lover of Bobby Clark's vaudevillian humor, on the other hand, had better take it in.

With his painted-on glasses, cigar, cane, fantastic costumes and sometimes comical lines, Clark has no trouble getting laughs from his sympathetic audience. He walks languidly, runs crazily, washes clothes vigorously and sings off key. He appears in the dress and manners of a soldier, a laundry operator, a monk and a cabinet minister. As the bemedaled soldier, he asks, "Which way is Africa? Our regiment's stationed in Norman Bel Geddes." As a cabinet minister he waves a lace handkerchief, reveals that he has negotiated a loan with a certain Western country whose government is interested in supporting "a small, musical monarchy," mainly because its president plays the piano.

Although Clark drags the show along at a fast pace, it's quite a load. He must contend with an all too sprightly and all too robust chorus (flat-heeled shoes don't do much for the ankle). He must contend with a stolid, well padded version of beautiful manhood and a smiling example of beautiful womanhood, embraced in the standard Jeannette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy singing poses. He must contend with a thin, if complicated, plot and with a good many not-so-funny lines. The ballet number in the first act is pleasant and the songs hold their own. But aside from Clark himself, "Sweethearts" doesn't seem worth the trouble.

J. B.

Bandwagon

Simple Solution

Givins [Willard Givins, executive secretary of the Education Association] says the only goal of his association is to make sure that US children get the best they can in the way of education. He says to resort to the use of the "strike" would violate this duty to the children. But, he adds, it is perfectly all right for teachers to drop out of the profession altogether, if they can't win satisfactory contracts. This, he says, will eventually lead citizens of a community to demand that teachers get more money. – *From the Albany (Georgia)* Herald.

Boys and Girls Together

Frank Sinatra gave the greatest New Year's Eve party I've ever attended. And I've seen a few. There was no caste system among the guests. Fellows who make $10,000 weekly rubbed shoulders with those who get only $75. I heard Walter Annenberg and his beautiful wife, from Philadelphia, chatting with a $100-a-week man. – *From Hedda Hopper's syndicated column.*

Through a Glass Darkly

He [the Reverend Martin Niemoeller] said that he believes the fire of anti-Semitism is extinguished for good in Germany. He added, however, that it is difficult to be a prophet, and he recalled having foretold twenty-five years ago that there would never be another war. – *From the New York* Herald Tribune.

Oh, What a Beautiful Morning!

A special transcription on the atomic bomb and a recording of the Boys' Choir Christmas program from San Xavier Mission will highlight the Optimists' luncheon today in the Varsity room of the Pioneer Hotel. – *From the Arizona* Daily Star.

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Correspondence

Massachusetts' Censorship Law

SIR: Bostonians who are familiar with the ocal censorship do not share J. Mitchell Morse's optimism (the *New Republic*, January 6) regarding the operation of the new censorship law in Massachusetts. Although publicized by its backers as a great step forward, it does not broaden or change the definition of obscenity, the crucial question in these cases. The amendment was drawn by William Fuller, of the Old Corner Bookstore, with the aid of his personal attorney, according to Fuller's statement to the writer. The only beneficiaries are the booksellers, who are now protected against a conviction unless it can be proved that they *knowingly* sold a book which was obscene.

Morse is mistaken on several points as to the operation of the old and the meaning of the new statute. For example, at no time could a private organization or individual bring direct legal action. The Watch and Ward Society or any other private group or individual may still complain to the police, and—what was not true before—may now also instigate an action by the Attorney General. The present proceedings against *Forever Amber* were brought as a result of a complaint to the Attorney General.

The inadequacy of the amendment was pointed up by the refusal of the Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts, which has fought censorship and the Watch and Ward for many years, to endorse it, upon the advice of its attorneys who tried unsuccessfully to get the author of the bill to broaden its scope.

Boston, Mass. EDWARD SPIEGEL

SIR: I was wrong in stating that under the old Massachusetts anti-obscenity law private groups and individuals could take direct legal action against booksellers. Only the police could take such action. Edward Spiegel is wrong, however, in implying that they can still do so in the case of books. As I clearly stated, the new law makes a distinction between books and magazines and provides that only a district attorney or the attorney general can bring suit to prevent the sale of a book. The Watch and Ward people may indeed complain to the police, but the police can no longer do anything about it. Under the old law, *Strange Fruit* was "voluntarily" withdrawn from sale by Boston's booksellers after Police Commissioner Thomas F. Sullivan pointed out to a salesman several passages he considered objectionable. When the newspapers said "Censorship," Sullivan smilingly denied that he had forbidden anything. . . .

Spiegel errs also in stating that booksellers are the only beneficiaries of the new law. Formerly the author and publisher of the book at issue could present no defense. Now they are recognized as interested parties and are notified to show cause why the book should not be judged obscene. . . .

I believe [the law's] most serious weakness is that it gives no protection to magazines. The chronology of the *Forever Amber* case may indicate another weakness. Suit was filed against the book in Springfield, June 11, 1946. On July 5 the court enjoined sale of the book pending the outcome of the trial. . . . The case was tentatively scheduled for trial at an unspecified date in September. When the September term opened, it was postponed to December 16. Then it was transferred to Boston and postponed to January 6, 1947. Subsequently it was postponed to "some time around the middle of January," and, as this is written, to March 3. I understand there is a plausible explanation for each delay. Let us hope that no further explanations will be necessary after March 3.

New York City J. MITCHELL MORSE

The ADA and the Communists

SIR: In view of the fact that my letter which appeared in the *New Republic* of January 27 on the aims and purposes of Americans for Democratic Action was accompanied by a note to . . . your Washington office, stating that I wished to make any necessary cuts myself, and since a significant paragraph was deleted without consultation, I must ask you to print the deleted paragraph in your next issue. . . .

As R. H. S. Crossman, an editor of the British *New Statesman and Nation* and—significantly—a leader of the British "rebels" most critical of Bevin's foreign policy, remarked in a recent issue of the *New Republic*: "We wish American liberals all the luck in the world. But if they are to make a comeback, they will have to succeed in cleaning up the Communist issue, as left-wing parties must do everywhere. We think we've done it here in Britain. It is Communist influence in the American liberal movement which raises the bogey of British imperialism, just as Communists here are the worst blackeners of the United States."

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WOMAN Artist invites correspondence on the Arts with other artists and with those of artistic inclination. Box 865, The New Republic.

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Letter of the Week

(Continued from page 3)

though he is incapable of functioning in an atmosphere of internal bickering, personal sniping or factional dispute, he is often the worst offender. Intellectual cleanliness becomes second only to godliness.

Thus in the intellectual mind is sown a purile passion for academic perfectionism, and the fruits of this seed may well be a new class of *Lumpenintellektuellen,* drifting and disillusioned, a luxury we can ill afford in the face of a growing American fascism. The social problems we must recognize are not hung upon the niceties of logic but upon disconcertingly practical realities.

This crisis might well be called the atomization of the liberal movement. Labor unions and liberal organizations display deep and growing splits along sectarian and ideological lines. The atmosphere vibrates with venomous epithets: "Commie," "Trotskyite," "Social Fascist," "Liberal Fifth Column," "New Deal Appeaser" and sundry forms of "opportunist." Our journals, from the Marxists to the New Dealers, and men like Max Lerner, Dwight Macdonald, Mike Gold and Sam Grafton are embroiled in the controversy. They are all models of "confusion" or "betrayal" or "viciousness" to their opponents. Our energies have been divided and dissipated in a period which increasingly demands concerted action. To the delight of the reactionary press, this conflict is atomizing the Left.

MODERN history teaches the danger of disunity in the face of mounting reactionary pressure, but American intellectuals are loath to study it. They are all at great pains to "interpret" the lessons of Germany and Spain as being the responsibility of one or another group. But fixing responsibility is an academic problem if the underlying goal of unity is lost. History is no longer interested in ideological controversy and intellectual purity.

The tragedy is one of petulant immaturity. When a boat is leaking dangerously, we don't inquire into the political commitments of those who bail, yet in the political arena we do precisely that. We require unsmudged and unsullied credentials. Unless American liberals and radicals can mature rapidly, define a positive program of unity on main issues and close their ranks in face of the New Fascism, the future will be bleak. This means abandoning the luxury of left-wing differences, not struggling to resolve them. A fascist threat is sufficient reason for growing up.

IRVING ROSOW

Detroit, Mich.

New Republic News

Covering the UN

BILL BALLANTINE, who drew the United Nations Site (Tabernacle of all the Nations) in the last issue of the *NR,* has presented us with a bill more specific than you would expect from an artist. It begins: To 7 pigeons 1 spy, 1 helicopter, 1 flying carpet, 1 palm tree, 1 fiacre, 1 London hack, 1 elephant, 1 elephant boy, 8 dogs—then it goes on for two pages of various types of policemen, retail stores, liquor and exotic foods to—1 men's room, 1 kayak, 1 canoe, 1 excursion boat, 1 man overboard, 1 sphinx, 1 board fence, 1 girl ugly as board fence. In all, there are 86 items on the list and we shall pay the bill with a feeling of awe.

This bill gives us an easy opening for a point we've wanted to raise. Ballantine has done three centerspreads for us in recent weeks—that somewhat erratic Ship of State, Congress in a foxhole, and the last UN bit of architecture—and the comment has been mixed. Amid the hurrahs and hat-wavings has been an appreciable number of demurrers from people who complain that he's hard to look at. This, indeed, is true, because he's not supposed to be looked at but to be read. The space Ballantine occupies could be filled with 2,000 closely reasoned words which you would spend 20 minutes on. You can read him faster than that (and you can begin at top or bot

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tom, left or right), but it's no good complaining that he doesn't tell a story until you've spent a little time wandering through one of his madhouses.

PROBABLY the most taxing assignment in journalism today is to cover the United Nations. The subject, heaven knows, is big enough and important enough to give a writer scope, but the material over a period of months tends to become dehumanized. The trick is to cut through the committee agenda and the diplomatic protocol to the men and women who, inevitably at a snail's pace, are attempting to write a world charter. This is the job we've given Jane Bedell, who is 25 and comely and who travels more miles on the subway between here and Flushing Meadow than we care to total.

Her column each week does not intend to be complete and does not pretend to be cosmic. It does attempt to look at the UN as though some real people were working at some real problems which have a bearing on the lives of us all. It seems to us that she fulfills her assignment.

Six months ago, Miss Bedell was in Europe on a Pulitzer Traveling Fellowship from the Columbia University School of Journalism. She had gone first to Franco Spain (on a Spanish ship, third class, with an insane steward and ten priests) and had then traveled in France and England, sending back reports to Columbia and doing a bit of free-lance writing.

Before that she had worked on the Baltimore *Sun* and the Binghamton (NY) *Sun* and before that she was a schoolgirl.

IT'S extraordinary what floats up in your mail. For example, we have a letter this week from a man who denounces us because we don't spell his name right in correspondence (we failed to spell out his middle name). We have another from a would-be contributor who wants his manuscript back. This we're working on because we think it's sloppy to lose contributions, but it's going to be a long search. The article in question—"The Riddle of the Universe"—was submitted in 1921.

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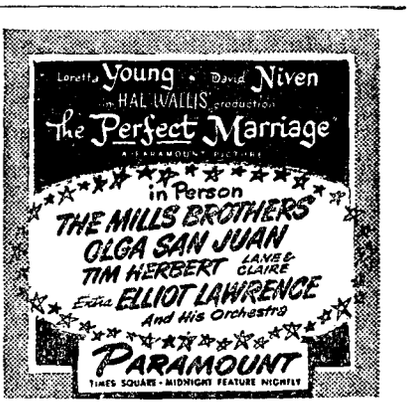

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